The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

If any one desires to know what "Pan-American delegates" means, we can tell them, that it means that the delegates are just now in the pan and not yet in the soup.

The Lewisburg *Saturday News* rejoices over its success and improvements. We join in the gladness, Bro. Focht, and like to read your paper, and congratulate you on your "go ahead."

The Williamsport *Daily Gazette and Bulletin* of the 9th, is an illustrated edition of the industries, growth and beauty of that city. It is a credit to that handsome city as well as to the enterprising proprietors of the *Gazette and Bulletin*.

Pan, in Greek, means "all." Pan-American congress, means all the America's congress. The Pan-American congress now traveling over the United States, is composed of delegates from all the North, Central and South American governments.

It is to be hoped that the Republicans believe what they say about tariff reform having no effect on the elections this fall, for if they do they will hang on to that war tariff policy another year and then it will be too late for them to collect the scattered remnants of their party for the presidential contest in 1892.

The Commissioners should buy a cheap edition of a Letter Writer, to be used in that office, and Hendelson study the first commandment half an hour before each meal and before going to bed—it might bring about a vast reform in the Commissioner's office which has become a stench in the nostrils of the people and all are holding their noses shut.

A temperance lecture from Wilkesbarre: On Thursday night Margaret, the wife of Patrick Cannon, of this city, indulged in a spree during which she procured a bottle of whiskey and wandered away into the mountains back of town. Her absence was not discovered until this morning when search was made and she was found lying frozen to death n the woods where she had disrobed thinking herself at home. Persons living but a short distance away heard her moan but were unable to locate her.

Though twenty-four years have elapsed since the close of the war, it is a remarkable fact that the number of pensioners on the roll is now greater than it ever was before. It has increased by 186,087 during the last six years. The average amount paid to each pensioner is $121 69, which is higher than in any recent year. The total amount paid for pensions during the year 1888 reaches the enormous sum of $88,275,113, an increase of about $10,000,000 over the previous year.

The Republican council at Rio de Janeiro decided a few months ago that the anniversary of the French revolution was the most propitious occasion on which to proclaim the republic. The leaders of the party were so confident of success that they ordered a number of Republican flags to be made. In the new flag the imperial crown is replaced by a Phrygian cap.

It is reported that Dom Pedro recently expressed to his prime minister the opinion that the government had not much longer to live. Among the causes that led to the revolution were the tyrannical measures to which the government resorted in order to secure the return of its supporters at the last elections, when many electors were arrested and imprisoned.

William J. Arkell, proprietor of Judge, called at the postoffice department and tried to convince Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson and General Hogan that no law would be violated if he were permitted to use postage stamps for advertising purposes. Mr. Clarkson got down the statute, which provides that the face of the stamp must not be mutilated, unless by a postoffice official previous to mailing, and that no attachment whatever can be made. Mr. Arkell declared that he wished neither to mutilate the stamp nor to make the attachment, He simply desired to print advertisements upon the back of the stamp previous to the placing of mucilage thereon. He was not a little astounded at being informed that an English firm had offered $1,000,000 for the privilege he sought. The New York editor had offered $100,000 a year for four years. He is in doubt whether he could bid higher or not.

Dirty Politics Rebuked.

THE MEANS EMPLOYED BY THE RING ORGAN.—PRIVATE CITIZENS SLANDERED.—AND CANDIDATES ABUSED AND MISREPRESENTED BECAUSE THEY WERE DEMOCRATS.

From the Centre Democrat.

The election is over and while the result is exceedingly gratifying to the Democratic party, not only in the county, but in the whole country, it is not amiss to review the campaign in the county.

Until the last three or four years, and for a great while before, most of the political campaigns in the county were in a great degree conducted decently, with fair moderation and due regard for the private character and integrity not only of the candidates but of all who were more or less prominently engaged in the contests To beastly abuse the opposing candidates and vulgarly attack private citizens who took part in the campaign was not thought a necessity or considered a virtue. To uphold the candidates, keep their virtues and the work they had done, with their ability to fill the places for which they had been nominated and strongly advocate the principles of the respective parties was, by good men of both parties, considered all that was required on the part of the respective party papers. The better nature, and sterling qualities of men in both parties were appealed to and aroused in the interest and rallied to the support of the party standards, and it was thought not necessary, indeed it was deemed in bad taste, if not considered exceedingly vulgar, to wantonly abuse or vilify either candidates or party workers. Our people were all the better for this kind of politics, they began to better understand each other as Democrats and Republicans. But this kind of politics in Centre county was broken in upon in 1885. The Democrats have been slow to realize that men like Governor Beaver, Judge Furst, Col. D. S. Keller, with others, contributed largely to establish a new Republican paper [now the ring organ] in the county and put at its head a man of mean principles and low instincts. Then began an inquisition into the private life of every man in the Democratic party and whether private citizen or public officer and however pure in his character, simply because they were Democrats, must be abused, maligned, stamped as liars and thieves, their every motive and act, however lofty, misrepresented. Public officers who had proven themselves faithful, and whose integrity was unpurchasable must be caricatured, their good names traduced and their records perverted.

This kind of journalism of course captured the vulgar, and for a time in a measure seemed to destroy the ascendency of the Democratic party in the county. To lie and misrepresent by this new journal was consid ered a virtue. To say that it had received hundreds of letters from Democrats who were dissatisfied with their party nominations, when they were all written in the office by the editor, was considered good politics, to publish remarks, made by Democrats on the street or in their offices to their neighbor and friends, was supposed to be smart. To inhumanly assault men in their private characters, because they chose to take part in the campaigns on behalf of the Democratic party was the occasion of a louder guffaw from Beaver, a more sanctimonious look from Furst and milder whisper of extreme satisfaction from Keller, while the other contributors to the establishment of the ring organ more gleefully than ever rubbed their hands at the success of their enterprise. Because Democratic election officers saw fit to do their whole duty under their oaths they were stigmatized as ballot box stuffers and drunkards, when no liquor had at any time passed between their teeth. Persons who under the direction of the officer who administered the oath to the elector, were stigmatized as forgers, when their act was perfectly pure and in strict accord with the law. Local officers, because they had been honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties, rendering a full account of every transaction, were branded as boodlers and embezzlers. The assaults made on the candidates of the Democratic party were as unholy as they were uncalled for. The District Attorney was ruthlessly assailed because he sent the only person, beside the prosecutor, who saw the occurrence, before the grand jury. It was asserted in the most solemn manner that for so doing he could be prosecuted for malfeasance in office, and the people were urged not to vote for Mr. Meyer's re-election. All this was done in the face of the fact that the truth in each case was within the reach of the depraved wretch who edits the ring organ.

This year's campaign has been no exception to the manner in which the pious leaders of the "God and morality" party in town have permitted their henchmen to carry on campaigns in other respects. Because Orvis, Bower & Orvis, C. M. Bower, J. L. Spangler and D. F. Fortney saw proper in the interest of their party and in commendation of its candidates, to address personal letters to a large number of intelligent and faithful Democrats throughout the county, their private and professional life is misrepresented with all the bitterness, brutality and vulgarity that the ring organ could command. Because during the summer, in the exercise of his judgment as a good citizen, Mr. Fortney saw fit to advocate the adoption of the Prohibitory Amendment, and when in the exercise of his judgment he saw fit to do, as he always has done, support and advocate the election of the Democratic ticket, he is singled out and attacked with extraordinary malignity. It was all right for Col. Keller, Judge Furst, W. F. Reeder, J. L. Hamill and all Republicans who supported the Amendment more zealously than Fortney, to give their hearty aid, support and prayer to the Republican party, even to the advocating of the election of their candidate for Associate Judge. In them it was no crime to support the regular party ticket. But for a Democrat who supported the Amendment to again turn to the support of his party was a crime and to destroy his influence and power he must be assailed, denounced as a hypocrite, his life, private and professional, distorted and misrepresented.

All this is called politics by the Republican leaders of Centre county. For a time campaigns conducted in this way seemed to succeed. The more boorish and brutal the ring organ could be, to ward Democrats, the more the eminently pious (?) gentlemen who were instrumental in bringing it into existence rejoiced.

This kind of politics could not go on forever unrebuked. The Democratic papers never did and never should return this kind of brutality and blackguardism in kind. They have waited and even suffered defeat in the hope that Republicans, who claimed to be honest and were regarded as respectable citizens in the community would call a halt on their offspring and do what they could to instil a little decency in the editor and organ. We had waited long enough, the Republicans believing that there was success in that kind of politics of course continued it. It was for the Democratic papers to compel better treatment of their candidates and party workers. The remedy is the same relied upon so much by those who believe in ho-me-op-a-thy, "like is cured by like." In a dignified manly way we tried a little of the remedy this fall. We could remain silent no longer. We had treated the Republican party, office hol lers, candidates and party workers, with fair consideration and were disposed to do so but their misdeeds and malfeasance in office became so great that we were bound to let the public know what was being done When we assaulted office holders, candidates and party workers it was done without malice, and with such an array of facts and figures, the exposure of open violation of the law and such bold corruption that the ring organ, candidates, office holders, and party workers went down on the first round under an average majority of 1,083.

For instance, while all we said was true, it was not pleasant for us to expose the debauch of the chairman of the Republican Committee, and Feidler with others at Snow Shoe. It was not agreeable, yet it was our duty to bang up so that the public might see the peculation and corruption of the Sheriff, and the imbecility of the Republican Board of Commissioners. We honestly hope that the people who have been fleeced by the Sheriff will compel him to refund. We understand that the fee bill of 1868 provides no penalty for collecting more than legal fees but every one who has paid more fees or cost than was lawful can recover the same from the Sheriff in civil proceedings before a justice of the peace.

We gave such abundant proof of the charges made that the people believed them, and already the Sheriff has been made to disgorge some of the illegal fees heretofore taken, and in cases referred to in the Democrat.

As a journalist we mean to treat every body decently. We will continue to advocate the principles of the Democratic party and support its candidates, as well as expose the corruption, immorality, and missdeeds of Republican office holders. All this is our plain duty. We have no desire to attack ridicule or vilify private citizens or Republicans who may be asking for office. But when it becomes necessary, for the public good to know the exact qualities of a candidate, the Democrat will be the fearless advocate for the people.

See the ad. of the Pittsburg *Post*, in this issue. The *Post* is the leading Democratic daily of this state, and a live paper, besides its able editorials, it gives all the telegraphic news. The Weekly *Post* will please any who desires a city weekly.

A Republican on the Tariff.

A cabinet minister appointed by Abraham Lincoln to succeed Fessenden of Maine, and afterward reappointed by Andrew Johnson, when in full communion with the Republican party, and then appointed by President Arthur, should certainly be accepted as good authority. Such a man is Hon. Hugh McCulloch, secretary of the treasury under three Republican presidents, and before the organization of that party a Henry Clay Whig.

In an article of some length in the New York Times, Mr. McCulloch discusses the situation of the country in respect to the tariff, immigration, the race question and the matter of Federal interference with elections in the States, Quoting in the outset Ralph Waldo Emerson's saying that "the Whigs had the best men and the Democrats the best principles," Mr. McCulloch traces briefly the history of both parties. Passing by what he says on other subjects, we come to his discussion on the tariff question.

Mr. McCulloch says the Whigs were for a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection. The Republican successors are for a tariff for protection, with revenue as the incident. That is precisely the way so able a man as Major McKinley defined the Republican policy. The Republicans, Mr. McCulloch urges, look upon the tariff as means of suppressing foreign competition and sustain it as a means of giving our manufacturers control of the home market. The Democrats, on the other hand, have always favored a tariff for revenue only. They have held that congress, under the constitution, has no authority to impose duties to protect manufacturers, its functions not going beyond the raising of revenue. It has no right to effect indirectly what the constitution prohibits it from doing directly. The government's need of revenue will always, the Democrats contend, require a tariff, which in practice will give incidentally a wide margin of protection to our manufacturers. "On this point," Mr. McCulloch says, "the Democratic party now stands where the Whig party stood when Henry Clay was its leader." There are men in both parties, he adds, who favor free trade, but there is no free trade party, nor will there be for years, if ever.

Mr. McCulloch's objections to the continuance of the present tariff are stated very fully. It is held that our manufacturers no longer need protection. Production being already in excess of the demands of the home market, there is no reason to stimulate it further; the growth of trusts to limit production is a sign that duties on imports to encourage the building of factories, etc., are no longer required. What is required in the interest of manufacturers, wage-earners and the people generally is a lower tariff, wider production and entrance into foreign markets. Being the greatest producing country in the world, our prosperity will be best promoted by engaging in international trade. Mr. McCulloch holds, in conclusion, that "the present tariff is at war with the best interests of the country. It is continued," he adds, "by being made a party question and the free use of money in elections," but its day are nearly numbered. And so say we all. Down with the war tariff, in the interest of trust and monopoly.—Pittsburgh *Post*.

Brutal.

We are informed from recipients of them, that there are other letters which reflect as favorably upon the Commissioners' office as the pretty one printed in last week's REPORTER.

Apropos is the statement made to us by the respected and venerable Henry Gast, that when he plead with the Commissioners against the wrong of raising the valuation of his wild lands from $3 to $12 per acre, when lands far more valuable along side of his were assessed at only one-fourth of his, and that he was ready then and there to sell his land for one half the assessed valuation, that the only satisfaction he got from the Commissioners, was "that they laughed at him."

What brutality! Then along with the mulishness, profanity and vulgarity that prevails among these officials, is it a wonder that decent Republicans in disgust vote against their party and scores of others refrain from voting?

Brazil a Republic.

Brazil has quietly changed from an Empire under Dom Pedro to a Republic. Emperor Dom Pedro was notified of the desired change and he took a steamer and sailed for Portugal, the king of which is his father-in-law.

There was no bloodshed. From latest information all is quiet and the new republican government has the sanction of every Brazilian province.

Interesting Clippings.

A prominent contractor who does business all over the State has employed a crew of 12 men for six months, and on reckoning up matters preparatory to a final settlement for the year the following figures were brought to light:

Ten of the 12 use tobacco, and the bill for plug tobacco for these 10 was more than the flour bill for the entire crew. The men consumed $53 worth of tobacco outside of cigars, and got along with but $51 worth of flour. The fact seems incredible, and yet it is verily truth.

The soul, says Dr. A. H. Stevens, of this city, is located in the corpus callosum, a little spongy body situated at the base of the brain, which has defied the efforts of physicians in their endeavors to ascertain its uses in the human anatomy. "The corpus callosum, says that doctor, "is the seat of the imperishable mind, and is the great reservoir and storehouse of electricity, which is abstracted from the blood in the arteries, and conveyed through the nerves up the spinal cord to the corpus callosum."

A man in Aroostook spent three days in the top of a pine tree without food or water. He climbed up 90 feet to get an eagle's nest. It was a Norway pine, with very smooth bark, and he used climbers similar to those used by telegraph line men. When he got to the nest he was taken ill and dared not descend for fear of falling.

Daniel Moyer, residing on the Lehigh Mountain at Emaus, has become a raving maniac through religious excitement and overwork. He informed his family that God had communicated to him that he would be required to make some sacrifices. Becoming alarmed, the family summond aid and it required the combined strength of four men to get him under control. He is now secured by chains.

The suprise which is being expressed at the supposed fact that the late Samuel J. Tilden, a distinguished and able lawyer could not draw up a will which would pass the test of the courts, may be premature. The document which has just been pronounced invalid by the supreme court is yet to be passed upon by the court of appeals and it is possible that body will reverse the supreme court and sustain the will. We have noticed for some time past that the judicial system of New York seems to have been founded for the purpose of defeating the end of justice and enriching the lawyers. Mr. Tilden's wish as to the disposition of his property is will known, but the lawyers, aided by the peculiar character of the laws of New York, have been able to pick flaws in its construction, and unless the court of appeals reverses the supreme court, his intention will be defeated. Then the law will be enforced, justice thwarted, the lawyers be remunerated the contestants satisfied and a great public enterprise prevented. The moral of all this is that a rich man who wants to make sure of having his designs carried into effect should distribute his property during his lifetime.

Mr. Tilden was a great and wise man and knew what he was about, and had one of the best lawyers in his state to assist him in making his will, disposing of his now property, and did it wisely. But the lawyers, the lawyers the lawyers pick a flaw so themselves get a fat pick at the pile, a thing getting so common, with the lawyers as to bring the profession into disrepute.

We have not indulged in criticism of Gov: Beaver's doings simply because there is enough of that in his own camp, whether just or unjust, is not for us to enter into.

But the Governor's signature to the bill raising the salaries of county commissioners from $3.00 to $4.50 per day is a grave mistake and will be disapproved by 99 out of every 100 citizens of this commonwealth.

What should induce the Governor to sign such a bill, we cannot conceive—of all bills before him we would have picked out this one as sure to receive his veto.

Three dollars per day is big enough pay for any board of commissioners in this state, now or hereafter, and for such a set as we have in Centre county it is just $2.75 too much.

We are glad that under the constitution the increase of salary will not affect present incumbents, as it might induce Henderson and Decker to sit day and night, and Sundays, and have them score 730 days for the year instead of 365, which latter, it seems, they are straining every nerve to fill.

The next legislature owes it to the tax ridden people of our state to repeal this act raising the salaries of commissioners to $4.50 per day.

Gov. Beaver you erred in signing this bill.

We would not be surprised if Johnny Decker would yet ente: suit for $5,000 damages against Henderson and the *thing* Fiedler, for spoiling him.

The official totals of the election, in this county, for president in 1888, and state and county ticket in 1889, is as follows:

PRESIDENT, 1888.

Cleveland, D	4713
Harrison, R	4574
Fisk, P	173

STATE TREASURER, 1889.

Bigler, D	4241
Boyer, R	3263
Johnston, P	327

ASSICIATE JUDGE.

Riley, D	4108
Musser, R	2842
Fisher, P	902

PROTHONOTARY.

Schaeffer, D	4327
Fleming, R	3244
Ganoe, P	299

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Meyer, D	4324
Gray, R	2205
Harshbarger, P	305

English newspapers find in the recent grant of a royalty charter to the New South African Company a subject for earnest congratulation. The Germans being now at a discount in Africa, the English promoters and well-wishers of the new enterprise see no reason why there may not be in Africa the establishment of a great English empire like that founded in India by the famous prototype of this new company, If the enterprise succeeds, the great sub-tropical region lying between the Transvaal and the great lakes will not be Dutch, nor German, nor Portuguese, but English. British capital and British colonization will have another great area of extension and one more large native population will come beneath British rule. It will be a new East India company exploiting a Territory not inferior in resources to old India.

"What the insterstate commerce commission needs is a little' backbone," remarks the Philadelphia Press.

Nad el Jumi is the name of the present dervish leader who is raising the row in the Soudan. Nad advises England to surrender to him without making any more trouble, as he is going to conquer the world!

Queen Victoria must go on whisky straight now, poor thing, by order of her physicians. They have told her she must give up champagne. In John Brown's time it is said a good article of British ale was her majesty's favorite.

Manual training is the word in the new education. New technical schools are starting here and there throughout the country. A plan now going forward to completion is the establishment of a great trades university at Des Moines, Ia.

Old grunting, scowling Sitting Bull has one insuperable objection to being Christianized. Prayers, sermons and pious tracts alike have no effect on his obdurate heart because, if he were to turn Christian, the old sinner would have to give up all his wives but one.

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but first class goods.

——The big water pond in the square of this town at every rain, besides a shame, is a nuisance, and the people living along its shores should report it to court, and an order to abate it would be issued in short metre. The spot has been changing from water pond to mud puddle, right along for several years. There is a way to make the authorities attend to this There are some pavements too, that have kettles of water at every rain, into which pedestrians step ankle deep at night and at day, which should be abated along with lake Michigan in the centre of town.

——If you want a good roaster and baker, go to McFarlane's hardware store, in Bellefonte. They sell a first-class article at from $1 to $1.50 for Nos. 4, 5, and 6, all warranted to do the work in a satisfactory manner. People are foolish for paying such high prices for these goods when they can be had so cheap. Don't buy till you call at McFarlane's, where everything is sold low. They have a lot of heating stoves which they offer at cost—rare bargains. The Regulator Cook and Apollo Range are still keeping the lead—nothing can equal them.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elois Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "I Must Also See Rome." Preached at Rome, Italy.

TEXT: "*I must also see Rome.*" Acts 19, 21.

Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him. But he went right on. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem and says: "After that I must also see Rome." Why did he want to visit this wonderful city in which I am to-day permitted to stand? "To preach the Gospel," you answer. No doubt of it, but there were other reasons why he wanted to see Rome. A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had fifty other reasons for wanting to see it. Your Colosseum was at that time in process of erection, and he wanted to see it. The Forum was even then an old structure, and the eloquent apostle wanted to see that building in which eloquence had so often thundered and wept. Over the Appian Way the triumphal procession had already marched for hundreds of years, and he wanted to see that. The Temple of Saturn was already an antiquity, and he wanted to see that. The architecture of the world renowned city, he wanted to see that. The places associated with the triumphs, the cruelties, the disasters, the wars the military genius, the poetic and the rhetorical fame of this great city, he wanted to see them. A man like Paul, so many sided, so sympathetic, so emotional, so full of analogy, could not have been indifferent to the antiquities and the splendors which move every rightly organized human being. And with what thrill of interest he walked these streets, those only who for the first time like ourselves enter Rome can imagine. If the inhabitants of all Christendom were gathered into one plain, and it were put to them which two cities they would above all others wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. So we can understand something of the record of my text and its surroundings when it says, Paul proposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia to go to Jerusalem, saying, "After that I must also see Rome." As some of you are aware, with my family and only for the purpose of what we can learn and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine. Since leaving Brooklyn, N. Y., this is the first place we have stopped. Intermediate cities are attractive, but we have visited them in other years, and we hastened on, for I said before starting that while I was going to see Jerusalem I must also see Rome. Why do I want to see it? Because I want, by visiting regions associated with the great apostle to the gentiles, to have my faith in Christianity confirmed. There are those who will go through large expenditure to have their faith weakened. In my native land I have known persons of very limited means to pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecturer prove that our Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. On the contrary, I will give all the thousands of dollars that this journey of my family will cost to have additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a solemn, a joyous, a rapturous, a stupendous, a magnificent fact. So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with Apostolic ministry. I have heard that, in your city and amid its surroundings, apostles suffered and died for Christ's sake. My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They may practice a deception for purposes of gain, but put the sword to their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, or kindle the fire around their feet, and they would say my life is worth more than anything I can gain by losing it. I hear you have in this city Paul's dungeon. Show it to me. I must see Rome also. While I am interested in this city because of her rulers or her citizens who are mighty in history for virture or vice or talents, Romulus, and Caliguli, and Cincinnatus, and Vespasian, and Coriolanus, and Brutus, and a hundred others whose names are bright with an exceeding brightness, or black with the deepest dye, most of all am I interested in this city because the preacher of Mars hill, and the defier of Agrippa, and the hero of the shipwrecked vessel in the breakers of Melita, and the man who held higher than any one that the world ever saw the torch of Resurrection, lived, and preached, and was massacred here. Show me every place connected with his memory I must also see Rome.

But my text suggests that in Paul there was the inquisitive and curious spirit. Had my text only meant that he wanted to preach here he would have said so. Indeed, in another place, he declared: "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you who are at Rome also." But my text suggests a sight seeing. This man who had been under Dr. Gamaliel had no lack of phraseology, and was used to saying exactly what he meant, and he said: "I must also see Rome." There is such a thing as Christian curiosity. Paul had it and some of us have it. About other people's business I have no curiosity. About all that can confirm my faith in the Christian religion and the world's salvation and the soul's future happiness, I am full of an all absorbing, all compelling curiosity. Paul had a great curiosity about the next world, and so have we. I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I met tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find the American continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn, with alpenstock, and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and geology and astronomy and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity? As this Paul of my text did not suppress his curiosity, we need not suppress ours. Yes, I have an unlimited curiosity about all religious things, and as this city of Rome was so intimately connected with apostolic times, the incidents which emphasize and explain and augment the Christian religion, you will not take it as an evidence of a prying spirit, but as the outbursting of a Christian curiosity when I say I must also see Rome.

Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human life is brief, but its work lasts for centuries, inded for ever. Therefore show us the antiquities of old Rome, about which we have been reading for a lifetime, but never seen. In our beloved America, we have no antiquities. A church eighty years old overawes us with its age. We have in America some cathedrals hundreds and thousands of years old, but they are in Yellowstone park, or Californian canon, and their architecture and masonry were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were erected hundreds and thousands of years ago by human hands. They lived forty or seventy years, but the arches they lifted, the paintings they penciled, the sculpture they chiseled, the roads they laid out, I understand, are yet to be seen, and we want you to show them to us. I can hardly wait until Monday morning. I must also see Rome. We want to be impressed with the fact that what men do on a small scale or large scale lasts a thousand years, lasts forever, that we build for eternity and that we do so in a very short space of time. God is the only old living presence. But it is an old age without any of the infirmities or limitations of old age. There is a passage of Scripture which speaks of the birth of the mountains, for there was a time when the Andes were born, and the Pyrenees were born, and the Sierra Nevadas were born, but before the birth of those mountains the Bible tells us, God was born, aye, was never born at all, because He always existed. Psalm xc., 2: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." How short is human life, what antiquity attaches to its worth! How everlasting is God! Show us the antiquities, the things that were old when America was discovered, old when Paul went up and down these streets sight seeing, old when Christ was born. I must. I must also see Rome!

Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion. We have been told in America by some people of swollen heads that the Christian religion is a pusillanimous thing, good for children under 7 years of age and small brained people, but not for the intelligent and swarthy minded. We have heard of your Constantine the mighty, who pointed his army to the cross, saying: "By this conquer." If there be anything here connected with his reign or his military history, show it to us. The mightiest intellect of the ages was the author of my text, and, if for the Christian religion he was willing to labor and suffer and die, there must be something exalted and sublime and tremendous in it; and show me every place he visited, and show me if you can where he was tried, and which of your roads leads out to Ostia, that I may see where he went out to die. We expect before we finish this journey to see Lake Galilee and the places where Simon Peter and Andrew fished, and perhaps we may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson. I want while in this city of Rome to study the religion of the brainiest of the apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text who wanted to see Rome also. He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all-conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and, hurled against the Sanhedrim, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village, then he had gone to a higher school, and there had mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belles lettres, until, in after years, he astounded the Cretans, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that show such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheatre. There was nothing in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that compared with the scene in the court room when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time our wiseacres stopped talking as though all the brains of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has, in the different ages of the world, had in His discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; a Raphael and statemanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in the law; and the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in the law, and the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see that "all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discern the "Rock of Ages." Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the skeptic stands before us, and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, let us take out our New Testament and read the story of Paul at Rome, or come and see this city for ourselves, and learn that it could have been no weak Gospel that actuated such a man, but that it is an all-conquering Gospel. Aye! for all ages the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Men, brethren and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. The churches of America salute you. Upon you who are, like us, strangers in Rome, I pray the protecting and journeying care of God. Upon you who are resident here, I pray grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After tarrying here a few days we resume our journey for Palestine, and we shall never meet again, either in Italy, or America, or what is called the Holy Land, but there is a holier land, and there we may meet, saved by the grace that in the same way saves Italian and American, and there in that supernal clime, after embracing Him who, by His sufferings on the hill back of Jerusalem, made our heaven possible, and given salutation to our own kindred whose departure broke our hearts on earth, we shall, I think, seek out the traveling preacher and mighty hero of the text who marked out his journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem, saying: "After I have been there, I must also see Rome."

A London firm has a contract with the French Government under which they annually supply France with thousands of tons of dried fruits. The French Government require this large supply of dried fruit to make the wine which they supply to the French army.

In her own right Mrs. William Astor owns real estate valued at $6,000,000. She dresses richly and is particularly fond of diamonds, of which she has a large collection.

THE RISE OF THE SHADDOCK.

An Excellent Fruit from China That is Becoming Generally Liked.

The Shaddock, or "grape fruit," as it is sometimes called, is a tropical fruit that people in this country are just coming to know and learning to like. Everybody has seen the big, light yellow globes on the fruit stands in the streets, and about everybody has tasted them. The verdict is usually disapproval. Most people, when they bite into their initial shaddock, have their mouths made up for the taste of an orange. The aciduious, piquant flavor of the shaddock is in the nature of a disagreeable surprise, and the fruit is at once set down as not enticing.

Shaddocks must be eaten rightly, and really to like them is in most instances an acquired taste. Very few of the people who eat shaddocks habitually, and shaddock eating is a habit with some people, but had to learn to like them. Another cause for the slow growth in popular favor of the shaddock is that it is impossible to tell by the appearance of a shaddock whether it is ripe or not. An unripe shaddock is as disagreeable to the taste as a ripe one is pleasant, and it often happens that an experimenter's first shaddock is a green one, and because it is so sour as to make his jaws seem loosened, he condemns all shaddocks because of this one. The color of the shaddock is a pale yellow, almost green in its paleness, and this color deepens but little after the shaddock has attained its full size, which is anywhere from the size of a base ball to that of a small foot ball, though it takes a week or two of sunshine to thoroughly ripen a shaddock after it has attained its full size. Shaddocks grow on a tree that looks much like an orange tree, like it being an evergreen. They grow very thickly all over the tree, much more thickly than oranges.

"I have seen a little twig no bigger than my little finger," said a fruit dealer recently, "with five or six big shaddocks on it. The twig didn't look strong enough to hold their weight. A comparatively small tree will often bear as many as 2,000 shaddocks at a time. They grow rapidly and easily wherever oranges grow, and they are rapidly coming into favor with the public. Down South they are much liked, and nearly everybody eats them. But in the North they are less known. I presume there are 300 or 400 barrels of them sold here in Washington each week, though the sales this season have not been as large as last. Their season is just the same as that of the orange, and they are packed and shipped just as oranges are. The taste for them is an acquired one, though, just as the taste for the tomato is. A Florida fruit paper a short time ago printed an article to the effect that there was a fortune awaiting the man who had nerve enough to plant a shaddock grove. They are certainly on the rise in popular favor, and I would not be surprised if they should come to be as much eaten as oranges are."

The shaddock is a native of China, it is said, and the story goes that a naval officer who ate and liked them there brought home some of the seeds and planted them in Florida. For a long while the trees were valued only for their picturesqueness. Finally, though, Southern people got to liking the fruit, and now the taste is spreading all over the country. They are sometimes called grape fruit, on account of their tart flavor, and there is a quite general impression that shaddocks grow on vines; but Southern people, so the story goes, for want of a better name, gave them that of the the navy Captain who introduced the fruit into this country. Shaddocks are also grown in Lower California, though most of them come from Florida. They are sold on the fruit stands, according to size, at from five cents apiece to three for a quarter, or, for very large ones, 15 cents apiece. They vary in quality as much as oranges do, and while the good ones are very good, the bad ones, if green, are very bad. Those with smooth, bright skins are the best, and as to getting green ones, it is impossible to tell whether a shaddock is ripe or not without tasting it.

Women as Suicides

A fact interesting to women is developed in the comparison of old and recent statistics of suicide. In the old works on suicide the causes of self destruction among women were given: First, as disappointment in love; next, religious excitement; and, lastly, disease. Late investigation shows a marked decrease from the two first named causes. This is encouraging, as it shows a corresponding increase in woman's mental and mortal strength. There was a time when love and the home ties of husband and children were a woman's only source of comfort and diversion. If love failed and husband and children proved unkind the woman had no resources. There was a time when women were expected to believe what men formulated as to faith without question. Their minds, like those of children, were unprepared to grapple with new ideas. All this is changed.

Girls are educated with their brothers. Women are in sympathy with their husbands profession or business, or they carve out independent lives for themselves. Women have grown less personal, and they recognize other claims than their own. Love may be lost, but humanity, friendship, work, and books are left. Love may die, but the sun will still shine and the earth hold much of happiness.

Women no longer pin their faith exclusively on interpretations of men. Women are working out problems for themselves. They no longer consider it a sin to read, and discuss, and think for themselves. Their minds have grown strong enough to grasp a new idea without growing hysterical and becoming insane or committing suicide. Only a weak woman kills herself for love; only a silly one in religious excitement.—*Washington Post.*

A MAN of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

WOMAN is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.

Too Expensive—Jack: "Edith will you have me?" The Heiress: "Thanks, Jack, I can't afford you."

THE USE OF SOAP.

Great Care Should be Taken to Guard Against Impure Materials.

The use of soap is as general as the use of bread. It is used by all classes and conditions of modern civilization; it is a necessity in every household, alike in toilet and kitchen, and if there is one thing that more than others should be used intelligently in everyday life it is soap. According to the Philadelphia *Times*, however, there is no one article of general use that is used as ignorantly, and as injuriously because of ignorance, as this universal household necessity.

It is safe to say that two-thirds of all the soaps used by the people are positively injurious, and some of them are sources of disease. The cheaper fancy soap used by the masses are, as a rule, manufactured from impure and more or less injurious material, and their impurities are concealed by cheap flavors which tempt the ignorant purchaser. These soaps not only do not cleanse the skin, but they destroy its softness and often cause diseases which are difficult to cure. No soap should be used on the face or hands without the best information as to its purity.

The Influence of Home.

The New York Herald says that an eminent financial authority in that city, in speaking of the defalcation of one of his clerks, made this suggestive remark "This clerk was always most exemplary and competent, an excellent paying-teller, cool, methodical and imperturbable. Had I known he had not a happy home, I would not have kept him as a paying-teller. I would not have any man in such a capacity who did not live happily at home."

Here is food for reflection. There is a truth involved, which is of the greatest importance and wildest application. The home life is the basis of all life, and a happy home is essential to safety and success in any department of life. Occasionally a man or woman is strong enough and sufficiently self-contained to endure disquiet and unhappiness at home without flinching at any point of duty. But the majority are not so. They become discouraged, lose heart, and at last break down. Many of the sudden and surprising lapses are to be traced to this cause. Indeed, when one finds himself tied for life to a home, and has become convinced that there is no rest or happiness for him in it, it is not surprising that he becomes discouraged and breaks down. That is the natural result, however much we may deplore it. And it is more true of the man than it is of the woman.

On the other hand a man is prepared to stand almost any storm, meet any foe, endure any hardship or suffering, which may fall to his lot in the world, if he only has a good home, full of sympathy and love, into which he may retreat. Therein he grows strong. In it he has something for which to endure and fight. Many a man's success, many a woman's triumph, are to be attributed to the happy homes in which they live. There is no other place so much like heaven this side of heaven as a happy home.—*The Home.*

What a Woman Can Do.

What can a woman do?

She can laugh with her lips—make a man think she is the merriest cricket in the world, while her eyes are full of unshed tears and her heart is beating as if it would burst.

She can forgive a great sin like an angel, and nag a man about a petty vice like an importation from the lower regions.

She can fix over old frocks and wear them with a cheerful heart that she may help somebody, and she can spend the first money that she really feels that she can use for herself in going to a matinee and on sweets, when she knows she needs a new pair of shoes.

She can quiet a baby with one or two reassuring pats, when a man might almost knock the life out of it, give it a whole bottle of soothing syrup, and it would still be open-eyed and aggressive.

She can employ a whole day looking for a pair of braces for Jack, and yet in the time of trouble, she could buy a mourning outfit in half an hour and her needle would fly as if guided by electricity in sewing on a bridal gown, or a shroud for somebody's baby.

She can cry out her troubles on a man's shoulder and feel a relief that is only possible from masculine help, and ten minutes after she can laugh in that man's face and wonder what men were made for.

She can be brave in time of mental trouble; she can stand by and hold the hand of some one who is suffering from physical trouble, and yet she will scream as if she were about to be killed at the suggestion of a mouse or a beetle.

She can smile over a dinner of bread and butter and tea, when that's all she can get, and later on, when prosperity is to the fore, she can turn up her nose at any game below canvas-back duck, and wonder at people caring for anything but the best brand of Burgundy.

What can't she do? I will tell you. She can never wear trousers with any grace, and she will never be able to resist either the man or the baby who has gotten the love of her heart.—*Bab.*

FEW people are aware that pianos suffer as much from over-dryness as from over-dampness. At this time of year it is particularly necessary to see that the atmosphere of the room is moist enough to prevent the sounding-board from cracking or from losing its resonance, and the felt of the hammers from drying up. The sudden rattling and "tin-pan" sounds which often surprise pianists who neglect their expensive pianos is often due to over-heated rooms. A piano tuner recommends that a growing plant be kept in the room, and says that as long as the plant thrives the piano ought to. This plant will require more water than a plant in any other place. Another remedy is to put a wet sponge in a vase near or under the piano, keeping the sponge thoroughly moistened as long as fires are necessary. —*Home Journal.*

HAPPINESS is of a negative kind—no illness, no anxiety, no want, and no dependence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1889.

Solomon's Wise Choice.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 3 : 5-15. Memory verses, 12, 13.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Prosperity and Adversity.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*—2 Chron. 26 : 5.

LESSON TOPIC: *The [illegible] Right Choice.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. God's Offer, vs. 5.
2. Solomon's Choice, 6-9.
3. God's Bounty, vs. 10-15.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Wisdom is better than rubies.*—Prov. 8 : 11.

DAILY HOME READINGS

M.—1 Kings 3 : 5-15. Rewards of a right choice.
T.—Gen. 3 : 1-19. Penalties for a wrong choice.
W.—Num. 14 : 1-12, 26-39. Penalties for a wrong choice.
T.—2 Chron. 1 : 1-17. Rewards of a right choice.
F.—Jonah 3 : 1-10. Rewards of a right choice.
S.—Luke 15 : 11-24. Rewards of a right choice.
S.—Matt. 6 : 19-33. A right choice commended.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. GOD'S OFFER.

I. God Manifesting Himself:
The Lord appeared to Solomon (5).
The Lord appeared to Solomon the second time (1 Kings 9 : 2).
In that night did God appear unto Solomon (2 Chron. 1 : 7).
The only begotten Son, . . . he hath declared him (John 1 : 18).
He who was manifested in the flesh (1 Tim. 3 : 16).

II. God Manifested in Dreams:
The Lord appeared . . . . in a dream by night (5).
I will speak with him in a dream (Num. 12 : 6).
Daniel had understanding in all . . . . dreams (Dan. 1 : 17).
The Lord appeared unto him in a dream (Matt. 1 : 20).
An angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream (Matt. 2 : 19).

III. God's Offer Announced.
God said. Ask what I shall give thee (5).
God——said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee (2 Chron. 1: 7).
Ask, and it shall be given you (Matt. 7: 7).
Whatsoever ye shall ask——ye shall receive (Matt. 21: 22).
Ask, ... that your joy may be fulfilled (John 16: 24).
1. "In Gideon the Lord appeared to Solomon." (1) Solomon's errand to Gibeon; (2) Jehovah's errand to Solomon.—(1) Gibeon; (2) Solomon; (3) Jehovah.
2. "In a dream by night." (1) God's methods of manifesting himself; (2) God's seasons for manifesting himself.
3. "God said, Ask what I shall give thee." (1) A gracious God; (2) A waiting servant; (3) A generous proffer.—(1) God's abundant ability; (2) God's abundant willingness.

II. SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

I. Mercy Recognized:
Thou hast shewed unto . . . . my father great kindness (6).
My mercy will I keep for him for evermore (Psa. 89: 28).
The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy (Psa. 119: 64).
Even the sure mercies of David (Isa. 55: 3).
I will give you the holy and sure blessings of David (Acts 13: 34).

II. Weakness Confessed:
I am but a little child (7).
Solomon my son . . . . is yet young and tender (1 Chron. 29: 1).
Who can judge this thy people, that is so great? (2 Chron. 1: 10).
Behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child (Jer. 1: 6).
I am the least of the apostles (1 Cor. 15: 9).

III. Wisdom Desired:
Give thy servant . . . . an understanding heart (9).
Give me now wisdom and knowledge (2 Chron. 1: 10).
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom (Prov. 3: 13).
Wisdom is the principal think (Prov. 4: 7).
If any . . . . lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God (Jas. 1: 5).
1. "Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David . . . . great kindness," (1) Blessings for the father; (2) Praises from the son.—(1) Mercies remembered; (2) Praises expressed.
2. "I am but a little child." (1) A royal speaker; (2) A lowly estimate; (3) A wise utterance.—(1) A great king; (2) A little child.
3. "Give thy servant . . . . an understanding heart." (1) A great opportunity; (2) A wise improvement. —(1) All treasure offered; (2) Heart treasure asked.

III. GOD'S BOUNTY.

I. Pleased With His Servants:
The speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this (10).
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him (Psa. 147: 11).
The Lord taketh pleasure in his people (Psa. 149: 4).
Well done, good and faithful servant (Matt. 25: 21).
He had been well-pleasing unto God (Heb. 11: 5).

II. Exceeding Their Requests:
I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked (13).
Knowledge is granted; . . . . and I will give thee riches (2 Chron. 1: 12).
Grace did abound more exceedingly (Rom. 5: 20).
Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think (Eph. 3: 20).
The grace of our Lord abounded exceedingly (1 Tim. 1. 14).

III. Arousing Their Gratitude:
Solomon awoke, and, ... he . . . . stood before the ark, . . . and offered (15).
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits (Psa. 103: 2).
What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? (Psa. 116: 12.).
O the depth of the riches . . . . of God. (Rom. 11: 33).
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory (1 Cor. 15: 57).

1. "The speech pleased the Lord." (1) It was unselfish; (2) It was unworldly; (3) It was fundamental; (4) It was devout.—(1) It qualified Solomon; (2) It blessed Israel; (3) It honored God.
2. "I have given thee a wise and understanding heart." (1) The infinite Giver; (2) The splendid gift; (3) The favored recipient; (4) The benificent results.—(1) What God gave; (2) What Solomon gained.
3. "If thou wilt walk in my ways, ... I will lengthen thy days." (1) Condition: (2) Consequence.—(1) God's ways; (2) Many days; (3) Heartfelt praise.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

WISE CHOOSING.

1. Demanded:
By Moses at Sinai (Exod. 32 : 26-28).
By Joshua at Shechem (Josh. 24 : 14, 15).
By Elijah at Carmel (1 Kings 18:21).
By Malachi at Jerusalem (Mal. 3:10).
By John at Jordan (Matt. 3 : 2).
By Jesus at Nain (Matt. 11 :28-30).
2. Illustrated:
By Solomon (1 Kings 3 : 9).
By Peter and Andrew (Matt. 4 : 18-20).
By Matthew (Matt. 9 : 9).
By Mary (Luke 10 : 41, 42).
At Pentecost (Acts 2 : 40, 41).
At Philippi (Acts 16 : 29-34).
3. Rewarded:
Now and hereafter (Luke 18 : 29, 30).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The closing portion of 2 Samuel (2 Sam. 23 : 8 to 24 : 25) seems to belong to a period before the last lesson. It is possible that "the last words of David" should be dated about the same time as 1 Kings 2 : 1-9. The incidents recorded at the close of David's life, if those narrated in 2 Samuel 23 : 8-39 and chapter 24 be regarded as of earlier occurrence, are: The revolt of Adonijah, the son of David next in age to Absalom, made known to the king by Bathsheba and Nathan (1 Kings 1 : 5-31); Solomon proclaimed king by David's command, and the conspiracy defeated (1 Kings 1 : 32-53). The narrative in 1 Chronicles 28 : 1 to 29 : 25 probably refers to this period, but it deals more with the preparation for the building of the temple.

The parting injunctions to Solomon are recorded in 1 Kings 2 : 1-9, including the command to punish Joab and Shimei. A presumptuous request of Adonijah leads to his punishment by death; Abiathar is removed from the priesthood; and Joab, taking alarm, seeks to save himself in "the tent of the Lord" at Gibeon, but is slain there; Shimei is commanded not to leave Jerusalem on pain of death, but three years later disobeys this command, and is put to death (1 Kings 3 : 1). Sacrifices are offered in the high places, and during a visit to Gibeon, "the great high place," the events of the lesson occur.

PLACES.—Gibeon, about six miles north of Jerusalem, often mentioned in the Old Testament history, now called El-Jib. There is, however, some discussion as to the site of the "great high place" in Gibeon; whether it was on a mountain close to the city, or Neby Samwil, a higher peak about a mile away. The first-named is the more probable site.

TIME.—Apparently, during the first year of Solomon's reign, which is variously dated from B. C. 1015 (in the margin of our Bibles) to 1019 (Lenormant). Many good authorities uphold B. C. 1017 as the correct date.

PERSONS.—Solomon, to whom the Lord appears in a dream.

INCIDENTS.—While Solomon is at Gibeon sacrificing, Jehovah appears to him, and permits him to ask of him what he will. Solomon asks "an understanding heart." Jehovah not only grants his request, but promises him, in addition, wisdom, riches, and honor. Length of days is also promised to the young king, but upon a condition.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—2 Chronicles 1 : 7-13

Married or Single.

Taking faces in the mass, they are marked by very distinct characteristics. One of these is the married, and the other the unmarried face. Of course these two classes do not include all faces. There are many countenances which cannot be said to belong to either. Among those which do arrange themselves under one or the other of these heads there is also a vast difference. Some of them possess the characteristic more and some of them less. In some instances the married look is strongly pronounced; it is as definite and decided as midday. From the more marked kind the married expressions lessen, and finally fade away or disappear in something else, as sunset merges into twilight and twilight into moonlight or darkness.

There is no mistaking the married look, or the unmarried, for the type is invariable. Each is prominent, marked, individualized, and in many of its expressions is the exact opposite of the other. The prevailing quality visible in the married face is indifference. This trait is never absent, but its strongest development is when the husband and wife sit, stand or ride together. If one will suppose a line passing through the married head at right angles to the axis of the ears, and prolonged fore and aft for a short distance and then place the heads side by side, it will occur that, as a rule, the ends of the line converge in the rear of the heads and separate in front of the face.

This experiment is based, of course, on the placing of a wife by the side of her husband and not by that of some other woman. In the latter case, the probabilities are that the acute angle would be formed in the front of the couple.

The meeting of the lines at the back of the heads of the husband and wife may properly be termed the matrimonial angle. It grows more obtuse as the married pair recede from the honeymoon.—*Chicago Herald.*

MEN would be less wicked if they would hunt for fewer opportunities.

FARM NOTES.

THE matter of applying manure is one that is more difficult for the farmer to determine than many others, as he must consider the condition of the manure, the kind of soil and the nature of the crops to be grown on the land next season. Above all is the question of the economy of hauling and spreading the manure. Then, again, there is the liability of loss of manure after it is spread on the land, and also the liability of loss when the heap is left until spring before the materials are spread.

If the soil is underlaid with heavy clay there is but little liability of loss of fertilizing elements if the manure is spread at any time, provided the land is not subject to being "washed." There is at least one advantage in applying manure in the fall, which is that the teams are not busy, and the hauling can be done with but little additional expenses. One mistake made in applying manure is that it is left on the surface. While it is considered by some a disadvantage to plow the manure under, yet it will greatly prevent loss if the land is first plowed, the manure spread and the cultivator run over the field. By so doing the manure is incorporated with the soil near the surface the soluble portions not carried off and the frost given an opportunity of disintegrating it. Whether the fall application is better than hauling out the manure in the spring can only be determined on each farm by the farmers, but much depends on how the manure is kept in the heap. On light, sandy soils, which permit the rains to go down, a large proportion of the soluble matter will be carried down by the heavy rains and melting snows, which renders fall manuring of no advantages, but if the manure be applied during the winter, in those sections where a few days plowing can be done at that season, the manure may be hauled and harrowed into the soil without danger of great loss.

THE BEAN REMEDY FOR POTATO BUGS.—A western farmer writes an item that was extensively published last season, to the effect that a bean seed in each potato hill would keep away potato beetles. The theory was that the smell of the bean was so obnoxious that the bug would not feed in its vicinity. Having this in mind I have planted this season several rows of late potatoes alternating with rows of early red valentine beans. The beans were up some time before the potatoes, and, according to the theoy, should have acted as "scare-bugs." But as soon as the pototo sprouts appeared above ground the omnipresent beetle found them and went to work with his usual activity. Although the bugs confined their depredations to the potatoes I several times found them upon the bean plants, but never any evidence that they had been feeding there. As the pods began to develop on the beans, while the potatoes were in the first stages of growth, I was compelled to desist from applying insecticides for fear of poisoning the beans. Thus, the potatoes bid fair to be a total loss. Has any one else tried the "bean remedy?"

CARBONACEOUS food should be fed, when they are required, in preference to the foods that are nitrogenous. Brain, which is a food rich in phosphates, is one of the best foods to accompany all others, but the amount of carbonaceous food should be regulated by the product. A young animal does not require as much heat-producing food as one that is being fatted. A cow that gives rich milk must have food that abounds in the carbonaceous elements, such as cornmeal, etc., as the cream is produced mostly from such food. Many of the nitrogenous foods, however, contain a large porportion of heat-producing elements, and a variety will usually satisfy all demands.

IT IS not as easy to keep apples now as when the weather is cold. Sudden changes will effect them if they are not stored in a cool place at present. As soon as signs of decay appear on the apples it indicates that they must be disposed of at once, or they will soon rot. If not convenient to a market all apples that are libale to decay should be made into cider for vinegar. The keeping qualities also depend on the variety.

THE newly introduced bees, the Carniolans, seem to be growing in popular favor. An old beekeeper, who has tried all sorts of bees, has tried the Carniolans for two seasons, and says he finds them always ahead with a nice crop of surplus honey. He says in *Gleanings*: "I find them peaceable, industrious and very prolific; they gather but little propolis, and, as far as my experience goes, they winter better than the Italians."

THE greatest problem confronting every breeder of improved stock is that of being able to duplicate at will the animal he has chosen for his model, and not until we produce a cow combining those qualities can we congratulate ourselves on having a model butter cow.

CORN put in the silo makes a great deal better feed than hay, and makes as good butter as ever was made in June, and the change from summer to winter dairying costs almost nothing. It may be done gradually; the cost is nothing, and there is all the time an increase of production.

AMONG small plants no cultivator is better than a good sharp-toothed rake. Stir the surface every few days with this, and the labor and cost of cultivation will be reduced by half, and the better growth secured will be surprising to one who has never tried the plan of killing the weeds in their early youth.

THOSE who practice artificial incubation claim that October is the time to begin work for a winter supply of broilers. Last season the early broilers brought the best prices, and this has encouraged incubator operators to begin work a month sooner, as boiler-raising is a winter pursuit.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if there is any truth in the assertion of an agricultural paper that the potato will soon run out. You musn't believe all you read. A good deal of potato "rot" is printed in farm journals.

HOUSEHOLD.

SWEET PICKLES are really more wholesome than others. Why? Because they are often made of fruit which in itself is a desirable article of diet and when pickled is softer and less crisp than cucumbers or other sour pickles. For peaches, pears, crab apples, sweet apples, use the following ingredients in this proportion. Three and one-half pounds of sugar, one pint of good vinegar and one-fourth ounce each of whole cloves, stick cinnamon, allspice and mace to each seven pounds of fruit. Select perfect fruit, not over ripe. Cut out the blossom end from pears and crab apples. Steam the fruit till tender, but not soft and put into jars. The tough skin of peaches should be removed which is done easily after steaming. Some pears are much better for being pared. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together for five minutes and goar immediately over the hot fruit. Cover and put away.

PRESERVED GINGER.—As you pare the roots of the green ginger throw into cold water. Boil until tender, changing the water three or four times. Make a sirup of water and sugar, a cup of water and a pound of sugar to each pound of ginger. Skim carefully. Wipe the ginger dry and when the sirup is cold drop it in. Let stand over-night. Re-heat the sirup, skim and when cool pour over the ginger. In two days repeat this with the difference of pouring the sirup when hot over the ginger. Cover tightly. May be used in ten days.

ONE of the simplest, quickest and yet most delicious ways of cooking oysters is the "Dry Stew," or panning them. Wash thoroughly and allow to drain in a colander five or ten minutes, then pour them into a hot spider, cover closely, and hold over a hot fire, in two or three minutes they should be turned over, or shaken very thoroughly, and at the end of five minutes they should be sufficiently cooked. It is well to shake the spider or stewpan the most of the time to prevent their sticking to it; to make sure of this however you may uncover them for a moment or two and stir them with a spoon. Salt and pepper slightly, have your dish hot, with plenty of good butter in it, and pour the oysters in. If unaccustomed to this method of preparation, you will be astonished at the quantity of gravy they make, but great care must be taken not to cook them too much. When done they will be plump. If overdone will shrink and be tough, hard and indigestible.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS are very popular. Have your cracker crumbs rolled fine, and put them in alternate layers with the oysters, seasoning slightly with salt and pepper, but be liberal with the butter; be careful not to have the layer of crumbs very thick, as they will absorb all of the moisture of the oyster, and make them too dry. Later in the season we will resume this favorite topic with some added recipes.

CARAMEL FOR SOUPS.—One pint of water, half pound of brown sugar. Put just enough water with the sugar into a saucepan to keep it from burning. Let the sugar melt, then pour in the rest of the water. Add a pinch of salt, and let it boil for a few minutes, stirring all the time. Cool and strain it, and keep it in tightly corked bottles. A tablespoonful is usually enough to color a soup.

CHICKEN AND OYSTER SOUP.—Cut up a chicken and put it on to boil with three quarts of water; cut up a small onion, fry it in a little butter and add it to the soup with a little parsley. After the chicken has boiled to shreds. Skim the soup well, strain it, and return it to the pot. Put three pints of oysters with their liquor on to boil, the moment they begin to simmer pour the broth through a colander into the soup, and let the oysters remain in the colander. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, let it begin to boil and then add a tablespoonful of flour; stir them well together; add the chicken and oyster broth, season with cayenne pepper and salt; let it boil up once, add the oysters and serve.

BROWNED BEAN SOUP.—Soak a quart of beans all night; in the morning boil them until soft, but not to breaking; put into a bean pot or deep pudding dish with a half pound of parboiled salt pork and bake to a fine brown. Fry half a sliced onion in dripping and put it into a soup kettle; add the beans, the pork minced fine, two stalks of celery, chopped, and three quarts of cold water; cook one hour; after it begins to boil rub all through a colander; return to the pot, stir in a tablespoonful of browned flour, simmer five minutes and turn out. Lay thin slices of peeled lemon on the surface.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Beat up a quarter-pound of castor sugar with two eggs, then add very gradually the yelks of six eggs, two small cakes of chocolate grated, a little lemon peel, one-quarter pound of ground almonds, the whites of six eggs previously whisked to a stiff froth and one ounce of flour; pour the mixture into a buttered mold and bake.

SUMMER SQUASH.—Cut the squash into quarters, remove the seeds and skin, cover with salted boiling water and boil until done. When cooked mash the squash and add one ounce of butter for each small one. Moisten with gravy or broth and put in little pans or dishes; cover with bread crumbs, place tiny bits of butter on top and bake a delicate brown in a brisk oven.

IVORY ornaments, unless carefully cared for, become yellow. They are very easily cleaned, and with a little trouble will look fresh and retain their lustre for a long time. A simple way to clean them is to brush them with a new tooth-brush, but very sharp, to which a little soap is applied. Then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry it and brush until the luster re-appears. A little alcohol poured upon the brush will increase this luster. If the trinket has become very yellow dry in a gentle heat. The yellow will soon disappear and the ornament look as good as new.

CORN for the silo may be planted this month, provided the early varieties of sweet corn be used. Land that has produced a crop of early potatoes answers well for sweet corn, but plenty of manure should be used.

WHEN a horse with a heavy load stops to rest do not start him again until he has had plenty of time to recover his strength. Some horses will show an inclination to proceed after they have thoroughly rested.

A. R. WHITNEY, of Franklin Grove, Ill., says that for many years he has planted only top-grafted trees, his experience having shown that on the average they bear ten times as much fruit as root-grafted trees under the same conditions of treatment.

It Don't Pay

to experiment with uncertain remedies, when afflicted with any of the ailments for which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is recommended, as it is so positively certain in its curative effects as to warrant its manufacturers in guaranteeing it to benefit or cure, or money paid for it is returned. It is warranted to cure all blood, skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, and all strofulous sores and swellings, as well as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

To keep good actions in memory refresh them with new.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medice for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and exprience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

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Wit is folly, unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease lasts four times as long as any other. Use it, and save your horses and wagons. A trial will prove that we are right.

Wrong no man.

You wear out clothes on a wash board *ten times* as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

Confide in few.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

FLORAL NOTES.

The lover of flowers is now interested in increasing her stock as well as keeping them in a healthy condition, preparatory to winter.

In regarding to roses it may be said that while some of the hardy roses can be propagated in the open ground, rooting in pots under a bell glass or similar arrangement of glass is the surer and speedier method for cuttings of Bourbon, Noisette and tea roses. Hybrid perpetual and moss roses are difficult to strike, and an authority on the subject states that they cannot be successfully propagated without some provision for bottom heat, such as the professional florist applies in propagating houses.

To make cuttings of geraniums, verbenas, carnations, heliotrope, lantanas or any plants usually propagated by this means, the following plan is recommended by a florist: Take a pan at least three inches deep—the circumference may be as large as you wish—fill to within one-half inch of top with sand. The cuttings are to be inserted in the sand, which is made very wet, of the consistency of mud. The pan should then be placed where it will receive the full light of the sun, which will not injure the plant in the least, provided the sand is kept constantly wet, being careful never to allow it to become dry for a moment, otherwise the plants will be lost. No drainage from the pan is necessary, as the atmosphere will evaporate the water fast enough to prevent any stagnation during the brief time required for the cuttings to take root. A solution made by soaking tobacco stems in water and sprayed over the plants will prevent the little green aphis or plant lice.

If mildew appears on rose bushes, dust them well with sulphur.

The use of soapsuds and a brush is an effective remedy for scale bug on ivies.

A little white hellebore powder stirred into water and sprinkled upon them at evening will usually keep rose bushes free from insect enemies. One who has tried it says that nothing, not excepting hellebore, Paris green, etc., will destroy slugs on rose bushes as well as wood ashes.

A "Saucy" Business Letter.—A story is told of a prominent Third street clothing firm. Looking over their books they discovered an account of long standing. "Write him a saucy letter," said the junior member to the bookkeeper "Yes, make it very strong," replied the senior. The Bookkeeper followed instructions and penned the following: "Your account is past due. If you do not settle within ten days we will draw on you at sight." This letter was handed to the firm.

"Do you think that is a smart letter?" asked one of them.

"It is a business one," said the bookkeeper.

"Well, I don't think so," replied the former.

"Give me your pen and I'll show you the way to do it," and he proceeded to write the following:

"Who bought my goods? You."

"Who promised to pay for them? You."

"Who didn't do so? You."

"Who is a liar and a thief?"

"Yours."

And, after signing the firm's name, he handed the effort chucklingly to the bookkeeper.

THE BEST OF THE CURRENT ANECDOTES PACKED IN ONE BUDGET.—He turned sternly from the slight, quivering figure, convulsed with sobs, and, leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece, gazed darkly into the empty grate.

"Then it is true?" he said, as the frown deepened on his brow.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed, rocking to and fro in her grief and abasement.

"But you told me you had never loved before—that no man had ever stirred your heart."

"Not as I have loved you," she cried wildly.

"And yet you admit that you were engaged to Ferguson, of the Class of '87?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"And that before that you had an understanding with Williamson, of '86?"

"Yes."

"And with Graham, of '85?"

"No, no," she cried, "not with him; with both his brothers in the Sheffield Scientific, but not with him."

"But you were engaged to Saddiman, of '85?" he went on, referring to a letter in his hand.

"Can you not forgive me?" she pleaded.

"I could, Clara," he said, after a pause. "I believe I could bring myself to it if that was all. But you were also engaged to McHaffy, of '84?"

"Ah!" she cried feeby, "do not spurn me from you!"

"What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded hoarsely. "Speak, woman!"

She rose to her full height and looked at him with a pathetic dignity in her glance.

"Ah, George," she said, "you little know the exigencies of a young girl's life in a college town."

For an instant he hesitated, as if his better nature moved him, and then he turned toward the door.

'Farewell!" he said, and walked rapidly away. In another second the street door clashed behind him.

With one heart-breaking cry the girl flung herself on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the parlor sofa.

"All is over!" she cried brokenly. "He was my last hold. Henceforth I am reduced to freshmen!"

Indisputable Evidence.—De Lole—"Where do you intend to spend your vacation?"

De Pole—"I am going to our milkman's dairie farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood."

"Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you? '

"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."

Knowledge Costs Money.—Irate Patron—"See here, sir. I dropped a nickel into this machine, and nothing came out."

Agent—"If nothing came out, that shows it's empty."

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?"

"Information."

THE one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1. *Trial size free.* At all druggists.

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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 21.

A YOUNG ASSASSIN.

Rich Lewis White Fatally Shot by a Boy Robber.

KILLED IN HIS OWN HOME.

The Murderer Fled and Fired from His Hiding Place on His Pursuers Before Giving Himself Up—His Story of the Tragedy.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Louis White, a wealthy and well known resident of Armonk, Westchester county, and who lives alone a long distance from neighbors, was shot Sunday evening by William See, a youth of the vicinity, while Mr. White was sitting in his home. The weapon used was a shotgun, and the right side of White's face, ear and eyes were carried away by the charge. White, however, retained consciousness, and as he fell his assassin remarked: "Curse you, I have fixed you just as I intended."

The Murderer Lodged in Jail.

White staggered to his feet and reached for his pistol, when See made his escape. The injured man, though bleeding profusely, armed himself to prevent further attack from his assailant and ran to Farmer Knowlton's, a distance of half a mile. Here he was cared for and a messenger dispatched for a physician.

Deputy Sheriff Bradsell was notified, and with his assistants and the enraged citizens hunted the vicinity for White's assailant. He was not caught till morning, when the deputy and his posse dislodged the boy from a cleft of rocks after an exchange of shots. See was lodged in the White Plains jail about noon.

An Interview With the Assassin.

To a reporter he made the following statement: "I went to White's house to get warm; was quite cold at the time from hunting, and did not let the hammer of my gun down for fear I could not control it with my benumbed hands. I soon fell asleep, and suppose in some way I discharged the gun. That is all I know about it."

"But why did you run away?" was asked.

"I was scared and I ran like blazes."

See is about 16 years of age, and is already a hardened criminal. The circumstances indicate his purpose was to murder White for his money. Early on the day of the shooting See had shadowed White with a club in his hands. He will be examined before Justice Haviland. White is still alive, but cannot survive the day.

Working for Chicago.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Nov. 19.—Ex-First Assistant Postmaster General and ex-Congress Stevenson has returned from a tour of eight weeks in the states of Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Virginia, where he went in the interest of Chicago's candidacy for the location of the World's fair. He found the south nearly unanimous for that city. Mr. Stevenson saw seventy-five congressmen and had interviews with them. With a few exceptions they are for Chicago. A few favor St. Louis for local reasons. He had a delightful trip and found many Chicago enthusiasts.

Two Children Burned to Death.

ARCHIE, Mo., Nov. 19.—Saturday night Joseph Hodges and wife, living two miles north of here, went to spend the evening with a neighbor a quarter of a mile away, leaving their two children, a boy and a girl, aged 8 and 6 respectively, alone in the house. During the evening they happened to look toward their home and saw a blaze. They alarmed their neighbors and ran to the house, reaching there only in time to see the roof fall in. Both children perished in the fire. It is supposed that the little ones were asleep when the fire started.

Anarchistic Metropolitan "Peelers."

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Sergt. Oliver Tims, of the Thirtieth police precinct, said in an interview recently published in The Volkszeitung, a socialist organ, that every fifth man on the New York police force was a socialist or an anarchist. Tims is an anarchist, and the sentiments expressed by him would do credit to Most and Mrs. Parsons. The Herald prints a translation of the interview and calls on the police board for an investigation. Inspector Byrnes says he will look into the matter at once.

Oarsman Hosmer Convalescent.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—George Hosmer, the oarsman, who was taken ill while playing with the "Dark Secret" company at Philadelphia, and was obliged to sever his connection with that company, is now convalescent at his home here. His friends have engaged a hall and will give him a big testimonial ball at an early date.

Accidentally Killed Himself.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Nov. 19.—H. V. Phillips, city editor of The Carthage Banner, accidentally shot himself dead while cleaning a revolver. He was a prominent fireman, being one of the vice presidents of the Association of National Fire Engineers.

BRIEF MENTION.

An immense mass meeting in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, in favor of high license, was presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. Archbishop Ireland and others made addresses. Resolutions were adopted favoring the enactment of a high license law.

The corner stone of the new St. Thomas Aquinas' Roman Catholic church at Philadelphia has been laid by Archbishop Satolli, the papal legate to the American Catholic congress, in the presence of 20,000 people.

The corner stone of St. Aloysius' Roman Catholic church of Pottstown, Pa., was laid in the presence of over 5,000 people, and that of St. Francis', at Lenni, in the presence of over 2,000.

Two sections of the Empire freight collided at Middletown Ferry, Pa., on the Northern Central railroad, and one man was killed, two injured, one engine wrecked and a number of cars destroyed.

— In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

—What he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

1889 GREETINGS 1889

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We offer for sale everything in our line at reasonable rates and ask only

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Spring and Fall Overcoats from	$3.00 *to* $18.00
" *Blue Beaver Union* "	8.00
" *Chinchilla Beaver* " *(all wool)*	12.00
Storm Overcoats, all wool	8.00
" " "	10.00
" " "	5.00
" " "	4.00
Suitings from	4.50 *to* 5.00
Fine Riverside and Corkscrew	16.00
" " " "	12.00
Corkscrews	10.00
Children's Suits, all prices	1.75 *to* 7.00
Pantaloons from	.75 *to* 4.00

—o—

REMEMBER, all our Boys' and Men's Clothing is made by the best tailors and the best trimmings used, patches with each suit.

—o—

Merchant Tailoring a specialty. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Perfect fits in all clothing guaranteed or the money refunded. No misrepresetations. Call and be convinced.

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AUSTRALIAN PLUCK.

Rumors that the Colonists Will Cast Off the British Yoke.

SIR HENRY PARKE'S PLANS.

He Says the Time Has Come for a Great Federation, and the Indications Are That He Is Right—England Ignores the Movement.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—One of the most important issues of the day is the proposal for the federation of the Australian colonies, set forth in the dispatch which Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, has addressed to the premiers of the other colonies in Australia. It is in reality an invitation to meet and consider the formation of an independent combination of the colonies—a sort of United States in Australia, though most of the colonists probably will not exactly so regard it, and England has not the faintest suspicion of its meaning.

The proposal has come about through the advice of the military commissioner whom England sent to assist the Australians to a common scheme of national defense. He reported in favor of a Federal Australian army, and Sir Henry Parkes, who is a Federalist—but not an imperial Federalist—at heart, has seized the opportunity and boldly tells the colonies that the time has come for a grand federation, not only for military protection, but for all the uses that are implied by the term.

His Hidden Meaning.

Of course the premier does not openly suggest a separation from the mother country, but of those who have made Australian affairs a study and are acquainted with the opinions of Sir Henry as set forth in his numerous utterances on the subject of Australian autonomy the meaning of his proposal is plain. On the reception which Australia gives to the invitation will depend in a great measure the future of that country.

The time seems ripe for some such movement, but it is more probable that the change will not come by violent or sudden means, but rather by gradual steps. The English speaking colonies of Australia will surely never consent to grow up into a number of disunited and jealous states, but with each year of development will find the necessity the greater for combining under one government. One great impediment to the immediate acceptance of a plan of federation is the serious jealousy and rivalry between Victoria and New South Wales. Their policies also differ.

Victoria May Hold Back.

Victoria is a protective tariff country, while New South Wales practices free trade. It is therefore improbable that Sir Henry Parke's invitation to consider federation will be cordially accepted by Victoria, however it may be received by the other colonies. In order to understand the rivalry between the two most important colonies, it is necessary to understand the position of each in regard to what is known as the federal council, which was formed in 1885, and which was a step towards federation.

This is a council granted by imperial parliament for deliberative purposes, but it is entirely inoperative, and, as in the present case, when common defense demands army federation, cannot act, but must appeal to Westminster for power.

New South Wales' Position.

New South Wales, under the leadership of Sir Henry Parkes, would never enter the federal council, and Victoria thus became the ruling power of the council. Possessing this power, such as it is, it will be loath to follow the lead of its sister colony and rival in promoting a federation of which the suggesting colony would undoubtedly become the head.

English editors and English politicians, as a rule, know less, if it is possible, about Australia than about the United States. It is one of the principal grievances of Australians that England ignores them. If a piece of news is received here from Australia it is invariably put in some corner of the paper or left over till the next issue. It is of no importance, and while column after column is given up to continental news and to the solving of the Eastern question, Australia is ignored, and consequently is almost unknown to English readers.

English Stupidity.

As usual English editors do not appreciate the significance of this new utterance from the distant colonies, and, in a good natured way, think that federation would be a good thing for Australia and advise it, never dreaming that Sir Henry Parkes, whom they call an "Imperial Federalist," means to separate Australia from England and follow the lead of the United States.

In fact, it is the same old story all over again: England, utterly oblivious and utterly careless of the wants of her colonies, feeling quite safe in possession of them, not thinking that any would dare or care to rebel. Nor will she realize the true condition of affairs in Australia until the note of independence has been irrevocably sounded and the quondam colonies united in a combination over which Great Britain shall have no control.

Probably Lynched Him.

KENNETT, Mo., Nov. 19.—Thirty men, heavily masked, surrounded the jail here, about 2 o'clock in the morning, aroused the jailer and demanded the keys. After some parley they were given up, and the mob immediately proceeded to the cell occupied by Joe Gephart, charged with safe breaking, and carried him off with them. It is supposed that they intended to lynch him, but as yet no one knows what disposition was made of him.

Nine Business Houses Destroyed.

AURORA, S. D., Nov. 19.—The west side of Main street has been burned, nine large business houses being destroyed. The loss is unknown, but the insurance was over $7,000.

Died in His Pew at Church.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Hon. John J. Cavert died at Sheldrake while sitting in church. He was about 80 years of age.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

—If you wish to have a good over coat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins, he has them and warrants them. He sell nothing that has cheat about it.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

Supplement.

THE DEFENSE OPENS.

Trying to Save the Cronin Suspects from the Halter.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Frederick Squibb, the stenographer who took the testimony at the inquest, was the first witness in the Cronin case. On cross-examination he testified that "Major" Sampson had said at the inquest that he had known Dan Coughlin some time previous to the time the latter approached him with the suggestion to "slug" Dr. Cronin.

Peter Koch, a hardwood finisher, who lives at 529 Otto street, Lakeview, was then called.

In reply to questions from Mr. Forrest, witness testified that he had known John Kunze for two or three years. Kunze had worked for him some time, and boarded at his house. He left his employ between April 8 and 11.

Witness was then asked if he knew Thomas Lynch, and if Lynch had spoken to him about Kunze.

Mr. Hynes objected. Forest then explained that the conversation was about the explosion of the bomb in Lynch's distillery.

"Lynch and Coughlin," continued Mr. Forrest, "went together to Koch's house after Kunze.

"They took him out and got him drunk, and took two papers from him. They wanted a third, but Kunze said he would not take $1,000 for it. The next day this witness drove Kunze from his house, and the latter went to the south side and changed his name. The papers were supposed to relate to the bomb explosion at the Lynch distillery."

This was to be brought out to show why Kunze changed his name and that he feared arrest because of certain matters relative to the distillery case.

A Naval Cadet Drowned.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The unknown man who was drowned in the North river, off Twenty-fourth street, proves to be G. R. Kirk, a naval cadet on board of the United States cruiser Boston. Kirk, who had been on a leave of absence, was due to return to the ship at 7 o'clock in the evening. It was after that time when he reached the foot of Twenty-third street and engaged two young men to row him out to the Boston. About midway in the river the tug boat George Starr ran the boat down and the occupants were thrown into the river. The two young men were secured, but Kirk for some reason or other was unable to keep afloat long enough to be rescued.

Pistols at a Prize Fight.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—About 250 men gathered in a barn at a place near Brooklyn, early Sunday morning, to witness a fight between Mike McGrath, of New York, and Jack Bates, of Youngstown, O. McGrath was on hand, but Bates failed to appear. The crowd insisted on a fight, and Jack Riley and Joe Frey, light weights, who were present, agreed to make a match. A collection was taken up and the contest began. Frey was getting the worst of it, when the seconds got into a quarrel and several pistol shots were fired, breaking up the meeting, but not hurting any one. The police will investigate the affair.

Injured by a Railroad Wreck.

MCGREGOR, Ia., Nov. 19.—The Elkader train, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, left the track Saturday evening at St. Olaf, shaking up the passengers and badly injuring several. Mary Mehan, of Dubuque, was seriously hurt about the spine and side. Andrew Reiter, of The McGregor News, Mrs. Thomas Williams and Deputy Sheriff Elmer Benton, of McGregor, sustained painful though not serious injuries. The passenger coach turned completely over.

Steps Into Mr. Porter's Editorial Shoes.

ALBANY, Nov. 19.—Haines D. Cunningham has succeeded to the editorship of The New York Press, rendered vacant by the appointment of Robert P. Porter as commissioner of the eleventh census. Of late years Mr. Cunningham has been the legislative correspondent at Albany of The New York Post and daily newspapers throughout the interior of the state. He is a veteran newspaper man.

Mrs. Parnell's Condition.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Nov. 19.—Dr. W. H. Shipps, of this city, who has been the physician of the Parnell family for ten years, says that Mrs. Parnell has at no time lacked medicine or attention. He says her present physical condition is, considering her years, remarkable for its vigor.

Lively North Dakota Politics.

BISMARCK, N. D., Nov. 19.—All of the candidates for the United States senate are on hand, and the city is alive with politicians. There are eleven candidates in the field. The most frequent prediction on United States senator is that Ordway and Pierce will be chosen.

Two Men Badly Burned.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Nov. 19.—The Battendorf Metal works have been damaged by fire to the extent of $15,000. The fire was the result of an explosion of crude oil, which is used for fuel. The property is insured for $6,000. Two employes were painfully burned.

Fears for an Overdue Steamer.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Some little anxiety is felt here for the safety of the National line steamer Italy, which left Liverpool for this port on the 1st inst., and is now about four days overdue. The Italy has sixty steerage passengers on board.

Fire in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—A fire occurred in the six story iron building 626 Broadway and 158 Crosby street. After it was extinguished Messrs Michael & Pecard told a reporter that they had a stock of cloths on the three floors which they occupy worth $200,000, and that their loss caused by smoke and water would be about 40 per cent. of that amount. The other losses aggregate $13,000.

Fire in a Mail Car.

AUGUSTA, Me., Nov. 19.—At Bowdoinham, fire in a special mail car, containing 190 sacks of newspaper mail from Allen and Vickery's publishing houses here, damaged sixty sacks, belonging chiefly to Mr. Allen, whose loss will reach $3,000.

The Collom Jurors Disagree.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 19.—The jury in the Collom forgery case came in at 10 o'clock, after having been out since Wednesday night. The foreman announced that the jury were unable to agree. The judge sent them back again.

His Head Was Accidentally Blown Off.

TIPTON, Ind., Nov. 19.—While a party of four boys were rabbit hunting near Atlanta on Saturday, the 14-year-old son of J. N. Orr had his head blown off by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands o David Dickover.

THE FLYING SQUADRON.

Four United States Men-of-War Off for a Long Cruise.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The first squadron of the new navy left this port precisely at noon for a cruise in foreign waters that will extend for a period of one year. The squadron is composed of four new entirely completed and equipped ships of war, built wholly of American rolled steel—the Chigaco, Boston, Atlanta and Yorktown. They presented a pretty sight as they steamed out of the harbor and down the bay through the narrows on their way to sea, a space of a few ship's lengths only between them.

Acting Rear Admiral Walker was in command. The pennant of the admiral was flying from the Chicago. The United States man-of-war Dolphin, with Secretary Tracy on board, accompanied the squadron down the bay. As the fleet went by the forts in the harbor it was royally saluted, and the guns of the vessels thundered back a response. The weather was fine.

The ships are going abroad for the double purpose of showing foreigners that the United States have some war ships, and also for exercising the officers and men in the evolutions of a squadron. No definite programme has been arranged for the trip. The squadron will be governed entirely by occasional orders from the navy department. The squadron will touch at Boston, where it will remain a week. From there it goes to Lisbon, Portugal, touching possibly at the Azores.

Flight of a Cleveland Man.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 19.—It is believed that B. S. Barrett, piano merchant, of this city, doing business at 8 Euclid avenue, has fled to Canada. Officers are looking for him. Recently an attachment was issued against him for $2,000, and soon afterward he absented himself. His debts are found to amount to $70,000. Of this amount the Hallett & Davis Piano company has a claim of $30,000, the Emerson Piano company $8,000, and the Euclid Avenue National bank of this city $12,000. Barrett occupied a fine residence on one of the fashionable streets of the city, was a leader in his church and a Sunday school teacher.

Railroad Consolidation.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 19.—It has been learned here that a meeting was held in Boston on Saturday last, at which the officials of the Union Pacific and Denver, Texas and Fort Worth railroads virtually agreed upon the consolidation of the latter road with the Union Pacific branch lines in Colorado. This action must be ratified by the directors and stockholders of both the roads, but there is little question but what this will be done.

Holzhay Begins to Serve His Term.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Nov. 19. — Murderer Holzhay, the "lone highwayman," sentenced to imprisonment for life for the killing of A. G. Fleischbein, has been placed behind the bars in the penitentiary here.

Jeff Davis' Illness.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 19.—Mr. Jefferson Davis had an attack of fever about noon Sunday, but grew better toward evening. His condition is still very serious. No visitors are allowed to see him.

Hanged Himself by a Wire.

WALTHAM, Mass., Nov. 19.—The body of an unknown man, aged 36, believed to be a tramp, has been found hanging by a wire from a telegraph pole here. It was evidently a case of suicide.

Knocked Him Out in Three Rounds.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Nov. 19.—Billy Kehoe, of Chicago, bested Bendigo, of New York, in three rounds of a finish fight with hard gloves.

Dockmaster Thompson Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Dockmaster Charles H. Thompson, who resigned last Friday and was succeeded by his son, Charles S. Thompson, is dead.

The Weather.

Rain, partly as snow; colder; northeasterly winds, becoming variable.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Money loaned easy at 5 @6 per cent. sterling. Exchange, dull; posted rates, $4.82@4.86; actual rates, $4.81 for sixty days, and $4.85 for demand. Governments, quiet; currency 6s, 117½ bid; 4s, coupon, 127 bid; 4½s, do., 105½ bid.

The stock market was unusually active during the morning. The opening figures were irregular. Louisville and Nashville declined from 86¾ to 86¼, while Rock Island was up a similar amount. The most active stocks were St. Paul and Union Pacific. Among the trust stocks cotton oil and sugar were the most active. The former declined 1¾ and the latter 2 per cent. Near the close of the first hour there was a general downward tendency, and most of the railroad stocks were of ½@1 per cent. lower. After 11 o'clock there was more buying and prices strengthened. Tennessee coal was especially strong and advanced from 74@84 on real light dealings. Colorado coal was strong and advanced 2¾ per cent. Union Pacific was another strong feature, and advanced 1 per cent. to 70⅝. At noon the market was active and at the close values had fully recovered the early decline.

Closing prices:

West. Union Tel...	84	Chicago & Alton..	150
Adams Express....	150	Del. & Hudson....	150
U. S. Express.....	85	Del., L. & West...	142⅝
C., C., C. & I.....	74½	Erie.....	27¾
N. Y. Central.....	106¼	Kansas & Texas...	9¾
N. J. Central.....	119½	Lake Shore.....	106⅛
Illinois Central....	118	Northwest.....	113⅝
Northern Pacific...	33¼	Do. pref.....	142½
Do. pref.....	70⅝	Pacific Mail.....	34
Central Pacific.....	35	Reading.....	42¼
Missouri Pacific....	69¾	St. Paul.....	70⅝
Texas Pacific.....	20¾	Wabash.....	17⅛
Alton & T. H.....	40	Bur. & Quincy....	107
Canada Southern..	55½	Ore. R'y & Nav...	100¼
Canada Pacific....	—	Ore. & Trans.....	35⅛

General Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—FLOUR—Quiet; city mill extra, $4.25@4.40 for West Indies; Minnesota extra, $2.50@5.40; superfine, $2.10@2.80; fine, $1.75@2.50.

WHEAT—Opened steady at ½c. decline, and weakened under a heavy selling. At noon the decline amounted to ⅝c.; receipts, 138,450 bushels; shipments, 23,384 bushels; No. 2 red winter, 85¾c. cash; do., December, 84¾c.; do., January, 85⅞c.; do, May, 90¼c.

CORN—Opened steady at ½c. decline, but a good export demand caused an advance of ⅝c., and at noon the market was firm; receipts, 69,100 bushels; shipments, 163,703 bushels; No. 2, mixed, 42¾c. cash; do., December, 42¾c.; do., January, 42⅝c.

OATS—Quiet; receipts, 130,600 bushels; shipments, none; No. 2, mixed, 28½@28¾c., cash; do., December, 28¾c.; do., January, 28¾c.; do., May, 28⅝c.

RYE—Dull.

BARLEY—Nominal.

PORK—Dull; mess, $11.25@11.50.

LARD—Dull; January, $6.27.

MOLASSES—Dull; New Orleans, 30@48c.

TURPENTINE—Nominal at 46c.

ROSIN—Dull; strained to good, $1.07½@1.10.

FREIGHTS—Dull and unchanged.

BUTTER—Firm; state creamery, fancy, 25c.; western, do., 25c.

CHEESE—Dull; Ohio flat, fine, 7@10c.

EGGS—Quiet; state, 23½@24c.; western, fresh, 23@24c.; Canadian, late packed, 20@22c.

RICE—Nominal.

SUGAR—Dull; refined, cut loaf and crushed, 7⅞c.; granulated, 6 15-16c.; mold A, 7⅝c.

TALLOW—Dull; prime city, 4⅝c.

COFFEE—Strong; fair cargoes, 20c.

THE

LARGEST LINE

:—: OF :—:

GOODS

-- IN --

CENTRAL PENN'A.

The Extent, Variety and Quality Beats Previous Record!

LADIES' FINE COATS!

Ninety Different Styles Ladies' Long and Short Jackets.

Ladies Black Beaver and Berlin Weave Short Jackets, Perfect Fitting—at $3 50, 4 00, 4 50, 5 00, 6 00, 8 00 and 10 00.

Ladies' Short Jackets, Broadcloth, Beavers, Directoires, Tailor-made, Bound and Unbound—$4 25, 4 50, 5 00, 6 00, 7 50, 8 00 and 10 00.

Ladies' Long Coats, Striped and Plain Goods—from $2 50 to $15.

Ladies' Seal Plush Jackets—from $8 to $25. An immense line.

Ladies' Seal Plush Coats, 40 inches long—from $10 50 to $38.

Sixty different styles of Children's and Misses' Coats for all ages and sizes Good, Nice, Heavy Coats with Capes—from $1 to $3.

Our next line of Handsome Coats, Striped, Plaids and Embroidered Beavers—from $2 50 to $7.

Our next better line of Children's and Misses' Coats, Directoires, Gretchens and New Markets—from $3 to $12.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

An Immense Line of Boys' and Children's Suits,

A lot of Children's Suits, an extreme bargain for $1 50—actual value, $3.

Another lot of Children's Suits—at $2 00, 2 50, and $3 00. The Best Goods we have ever had for the money.

Another lot of the same—at $3 00, 3 50, 4 00 and $4 50. The finest kind of Cheviots, Cassimeres and Corkscrews.

A line af Boys' Suits in Good Heavy Union Cassimere—at $2 50, 3 00, 3 50 4 00 and $5 00.

A line of Boys' Suits in Heavy Winter Cassimere—at $4 00, 5 00, 6 00, 7 00 8 00, 9 00 and $10 00.

One hundred different varieties of Men's Ordinary Suits—at $4 00, 4 50, 5 00, 6 00 and $7 00.

One hundred different varieties of Men's Dress Suits in Heavy Cassimeres—at $6 00, 7 00, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00 to $15 00.

Corkscrews, Broad Wales—at $6 50, 7 50, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00, 12 00, 14 00, 15 00 and $18 00.

Men's Heavy Overcoats—from $2 75 to $8 00.

Men's Dress Overcoats—from $4 50 to $20 00.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

Thirty-three inch Striped Cloths—at 18c to 25c per yard.

Thirty-eight inch Fine French All Wool Striped Cloth—at 50c.

Thirty-six inch All Wool Plain Cloths, 18 different shades—at 35c.

Fifty-four inch All Wool Plain Fine Cloths, 20 different shades—at 50c.

Fine French Broadcloth, 54 inches wide,—at 75c.

Rich Silk Plush, all the new shades—at 50c.

Better grades of Silk Plushes—at 60c, 65c, 75c and $1.

An immense line of Henriettas, Black and all the new shades, 36 to 48 inches wide, All Wool—from 38c to 95c.

Lower grades of Henriettas—from 18c to 37c.

Single width Dress Goods of all kinds, Plaids and Striped—from 5c to 25c.

Heavy Canton Flannels—from 5c up

Heavy Gray Flannels—from 12½c to 40c.

All Wool Red Flannels, from the cheapest, at 15c, to the Very Best—at 40c and 50c.

Ginghams—from the cheapest at 4½c. to the Very Best at 8c.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

We Carry a Larger Line of Shoes Than Any Store in the County

Ladies' Dress Shoes, from the cheapest, at $1.00, to the Best Grades—at $3.00, 4.00 and $5.00.

Ladies' Dongolas—at $1.25, 1.50 to $2.50.

Ladies' Fine Kid Dongolas—at $2.00 to $4 50.

o———o———o

BLANKET —From 75c to $8.00 per pair—IN WHITE OR GREY.

Come and verify yourself of the TRUTH of our ADVERTISEMENT.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 8.

The electric light on the Eiffel tower is visible at Orleans, sixty-nine and a half miles away.

Amelia B. Edwards will give 100 lectures in America. She is the most learned Egyptologist who has visited America. But for all that she cannot solve for us the riddle of the sphinx. Everybody must do that for himself.

Richer and richer grows our country. A new silver mine, expected to prove of surpassing value, has just been struck in Arizona. The output of the mines of Idaho is increased $9,000,000 over last year, having more than doubled. Perhaps all this will partly make up for the money Americans spent in Europe last summer.

The next great American work will be the irrigation of arid lands in the west. It will open millions of acres of the best land in the world to cultivation, and that means support for millions more people. One view is that the agriculture of the future will be wholly conducted by irrigation, thus making it independent of rains and droughts. A company of eastern capitalists have engaged to irrigate 1,300,000 acres of land in the Rio Grande valley. They have bought the land outright. This irrigation scheme will be one of the great industrial works of our time.

Do Animals Suffer Pain?

Dr. W. Collier records in The Nineteenth Century his belief that they do not to any great extent. What the animals might say, if they were consulted on the subject, does not appear. Their judgment might not agree with that of Dr. Collier.

Dr. Collier argues from man. People of nervous organization suffer more pain than those whose muscular system is prominently developed. In general, the more nerves the more pain. Pain bears a close relation to the size of brain. The larger the brain the greater pain. It is well known that savages endure without flinching physical torture that would kill a civilized man.

He says natives of New Zealand chopped off their toes without hesitation, so as to be able to wear the boots English traders brought them in the early days. This, to be sure, may be a traveler's yarn, and it is best to make allowance for it.

When we come down to worms and insects, Dr. Collier scarcely thinks they suffer pain at all, having no brain to speak of and only a rudimentary nerve system.

Useful Inventions.

It has been remarked time and again that the one department of industry which was behind the rest in the application of labor saving machinery was that of the household. But even that seems now to be catching the spirit of the age. An Indiana woman, Mrs. W. A. Cockran, has invented a machine which will perfectly wash dishes, the first one on record. It will thoroughly cleanse and dry five to twenty dozen dishes of all shapes and sizes in two minutes. At the same time it is warranted not to break the most fragile and shell like china. That is much more than any woman can be warranted not to do.

Another domestic invention worth noting is one that appeals to the æsthetic sense especially. Suppose a lady or a lone bachelor lives in one room, and wishes it to look always like a parlor. The folding bed was the first godsend to these lonely souls. Now there is another. It is for those who wish to save an honest penny by doing a little home cooking. Your friend comes into your room and sees a handsome antique Dutch clock. It is of mahogany, white wood gilt, or cherry. It is thoroughly ornamental. It has an honest face at the top, from which you tell the time of day as by any other clock. But concealed in its insides is a complete little gasoline cooker, with shelf for pots and pans, and a tiny china closet above. See.

John Morgan's Death.

It has frequently been denied that the Confederate general John H. Morgan met his death through having his whereabouts revealed by a Union woman. Capt. James Rogers, of Abbeville, S. C., sets the matter at rest, at length. The woman part of the story was undoubtedly true. On the night of Sept. 3, 1864, Morgan and his force were in Greenville, Tenn. Morgan's headquarters were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. The Union general, Gillem, with 3,000 cavalry, was at Bull's Gap, a few miles away. Knowing this, Morgan had all the roads leading to Bull's Gap carefully guarded. Morgan intended to attack Gillem on the 4th, and gave orders for his men to move at 3 a. m. But a tremendous rain storm came on during the night, and the order was countermanded. Some time in the night, too, a citizen of Greenville came in and informed a member of Morgan's staff that Mrs. Williams' daughter-in-law had been seen riding away from the town. It was known that young Mrs. Williams' husband was with Gillem. Morgan's officers at the outposts were notified of the information. Morgan's personal guards and orderlies were in the veranda, but the general moved them into the house out of the rain. At daylight there was sudden and heavy firing, and Morgan and his men looked out to find the yard full of Union soldiers. Morgan tried to escape through the yard, but it was too late. Rogers says Morgan was shot and killed after the whole party had surrendered, and that his dead body was treated with indignity.

Penns Valley
BARGAIN STORE,

I take pleasure in calling your attention to my full and complete stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

Which is complete in every department and desires your inspection. I have been to Eastern cities and purchased at cash prices Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, etc, which enables me to sell at

Astonishingly Low Prices!

Which an inspection will verify. Save 25 per cent. by buying at the

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Women's Button Dress Shoe,	$1.00
Womens' Every Day Shoe,	.75
Women's Every Day Shoe,	.82
Women's Fine Dress Shoe,	1 50
Men's Kip Boots,	2.37
Men's Kip Boots,	2.50

GROCERIES.

3 lbs. Cal. Prunes	25c
4 lbs. Best Rice	25c
3 lbs. Peaches	25c
3 lbs. Crackers	25c
6 plects Soap	10c
Good Broom	16c

Men's Lace Shoe,	1.50
Gum Boots,	$2.50 to 3.00
Men's Hats,	were 90c, now 50c
Men's Hats,	were $2 now $1.25
Fur Caps,	were 1.75 now 1.00
Fur Caps,	were 2.00 now 1.25

DISHES—BEST WARE.

46 Pieces,	$ 2.45
Large Plates, only	5c
Large Assortment of Glassware. Save 50 per cent.	

The only place in town you can get the Genuine Snag Proof Gum Boot

NOTIONS.

Good Corset	25c
24 inch Handkerchief	5c
500 yd. Spool cotton	2c
Rusching, per yd	5c
Wool Hose	25c
Underwear, per suit	50c
Underwear, All Wool, each	75c

Boys' Suits,	$2.00
"	$2.90
"	$3.25
Youth's Suit,	$4.00
"	$5.00
" All Wool,	$5.75
" "	$7.50
Boys' Overcoats,	$2.80
"	$3.50
"	$4.50

DRY GOODS.

Calicoes	were 6c, now 3c
Towling	were 8c, now 5c
Ginghams	were 9c, now 7c
Flannell	were 50c now 40c
"	were 40c now 35c
Good Shirtings	were 10c now 8c

Men's Overcoats, All Wool,	$5.50
" "	$6.50
Men's Fine Dress Overcoats,	$7 to $10
Men's Suits,	$4.00
" All Wool,	$6.00
" "	$7.75
Men's Cutaway, All Wool,	$7.00
" Diagonal,	$11.75

125 Suits, 48 Overcoats, 200 Pair Pants, 480 Pair Overalls have arrived from City Clothing House to be sold in 30 days.

You know what we have done for you in the past. Come and see what we can do for you now.

Produce, Poultry, Meat, Apples, Potatoes, etc., wanted in exchange for goods.

C. P. LONG,

Spring Mills - - Proprietor.

Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent **Deep Black Polish**, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD —(Philadelp and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 10, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
" "	Montandon		5 26 a m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
" "	Renovo		8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
" "	Montandon		10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport		11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg		12 15a m
" "	Montandon		2 03 a m
" arr at	Williamsport		3 05 p m
" "	Lock Haven		4 15 p m
" "	Renovo		5 15 p m
" "	Kane		9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
" "	Montandon		5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven		8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo		9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia		5 34 a m
" "	Harrisburg		7 30 a m
" "	Montandon		9 34 a m
" arrives at	Williamsport		10 30 a m

Sunday Train.—Williamtport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
" " "	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" " "	Williamsport		8 15 a m
" " "	Montandon		9 17 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
" " "	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
" "	Renovo		10 20 a m
" "	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport		12 20 p m
" "	Montandon		1 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 p m
" "	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo		4 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
" "	Williamsport		6 40 p m
" "	Montandon		7 42 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg		9 45 p m
" "	Philadelphia		4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
" "	Renovo		10 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven		11 25 p m
" "	Williamsport		12 25 a m
" "	Montandon		1 29 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 22 a m
" "	Philadelphia		6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
" "	Montandon		2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

" Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A M.	A.M.		A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	15 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.20 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't

HENRY ROSSMAN,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

—o—

He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.

o——o —o

Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

17janly

SALESMEN
WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.
Chase Brothers Company, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N.Y.

10c Write your name and post office address FOR plainly on a postal card and send to the only legitimate Sporting and Sensational paper in the country and receive a sample copy free. Agents can make big pay and News Agents can sell this paper freely, openly and above board. Order through News Co. only. Returnable if not sold. THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, No. 252 Broadway, New York

A PEACEFUL VICTORY.

Not a Life Was Sacrificed in the Brazilian Revolution.

DOM PEDRO IS ON THE SEA.

The Deposed Ruler Started for Portugal Without Protest—The Delegates from the Empire to the Washington Conferences Have Withdrawn.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—A special from Rio Janeiro, dated the 17th, says:

The United States of Brazil, constituting a federated republic of the different provinces of the empire over which Dom Pedro had ruled so long, is an established government. The new republic is today acknowledged by every province except Bahia in the north. Dom Pedro is on his way to Portugal, having accepted the situation with no attempt at forcible resistance. The flag of the new republic has been adopted, and Brazil is as peaceful today as though no thought of revolution had ever aroused the feelings of her people.

The overthrow of the empire has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life, and the new provisional government is proceeding with its work as methodically and peacefully as though it had been in existence for years instead of hours.

Dom Pedro Given a Liberal Allowance.

Dom Pedro submitted to the terms imposed on him by the new government and agreed to leave the country within twenty-four hours after he received the notice at his summer palace at Petropolis. He was offered $2,500,000 in cash and provision for the rest of his life in the form of an annual pension of $450,000, which is to be provided for in the civil list of the new republic. He promptly accepted the offer and came to Rio de Janeiro with his family last night to embark for Lisbon.

The imperial family, at 3 o'clock in the morning, boarded the Brazilian gunboat Paranhyba, which was still flying the imperial flag in the harbor. The Paranhyba transferred the imperial party to the Alagoas, which steamed out of the harbor in the forenoon, convoyed by the cruiser Riachuelo and the gunboat Paranhyba, bound for Lisbon. Dom Pedro and his family go into perpetual exile, their absence from the country being regarded by the leaders of the republic as essential to the peace and welfare of the new government.

The New Flag.

The new flag of the United States of Brazil, which takes the place of the imperial emblem, with its crown and coffee leaf, is composed of green and gold stripes, with a blue field, on which are emblazoned nineteen stars.

The only violence attempted was the shooting of the imperial minister of marine, who is now recovering. Business in Rio was suspended only twenty-four hours, and an empire was destroyed and a republic born almost before the general public was aware that anything was going on. The new cabinet is composed of men who have the confidence of the people. The leaders are representative Brazilians. President Fonseca is recognized as a brave soldier and honest citizen. Barbazo, minister of finance, is able and honest, though poor. Bocayura, minister of foreign affairs, is a journalist, an ardent republican and a popular leader.

The new government has announced that it will firmly maintain order. It is preparing a circular to foreign governments relative to the overthrow of the empire. The circular will be telegraphed to the Brazilian representatives abroad for presentation to the various governments. The province of Bahia has signified its adherence to the republic. News from the other provinces shows that they are also in favor of a republican form of government.

The Delegates Withdraw.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The Brazilian delegates to the marine conference and the Pan-American congress have withdrawn. It is reported that the Brazilian minister has resigned.

The following comprises the main points of conversations with officials and others well posted in regard to Brazilian affairs who are now in this city:

The Republican agitation in Brazil is of long standing, but not for years has it appeared to be at so low a point as within the last four months. When the emperor formed a Liberal ministry, last June, with the old Liberal leader, Viscount Ouro Preto, at its head, the Republican agitation was in despair. Some of them said, in private, to a gentleman now here, who was then in Rio de Janeiro, that they feared they had received their death blow.

The Liberal cabinet was proposing to go ahead with some of the most important reforms for which the Republicans contended: the disestablishment of the church, the extension of the suffrage, government loans on easy terms to planters whose business had been temporarily crippled by the hastening of emancipation, and some other similar measures. The chamber was dissolved, and the August elections returned about 110 Liberals, 11 Conservatives, and not more than 4 Republicans.

Not a Despotic Monarchy.

Nor had the Republicans great abuses on the part of the government to fall back upon. The standing army is nominally only about 25,000, and really numbers no more than 16,000. This does not argue a very ferocious despotism. The press has had substantial freedom for many years. The civil service is established upon the firmest basis of merit and experience.

After a clerk or higher official has held a position in the government service for five years, he may make preparations for a life tenure, if he wishes, as he cannot be removed from office except for malfeasance. Add to this lack of open abuses, an excellent condition of the finances, an expanding business and general prosperity, and a greatly increased immigration, and the stability of the empire would seem to have been assured.

A Prosperous and Peaceful Land.

In fact, the permanence of the empire and the domestic tranquillity enjoyed by Brazil under it have been altogether the strongest arguments in favor of the continuance of the monarchy. Brazil has not had a revolution since 1831. No Spanish-American republican can approach that record. The province of Rio Grande do Sul used to be a hotbed of republican sentiment. Its proximity to the Banda Oriental and the Argentine Republic caused it to absorb democratic ideas from its neighbors, while its distance from the capital removed it from the most direct influence of the court and emperor. Yet this very proximity to republics has led to the almost complete extinction of the republican propaganda in the province; the contrast between the frequent internecine struggles of the democratic governments and the stability of the empire has been too strongly in favor of the latter.

Dom Pedro's Popularity.

Dom Pedro has owed his popularity and the impotence of the republican opposition to a monarchy to the benignity of his character and the mildness of his reign, and he owes his fall to the same causes. A more suspicious man, or a more rigorous ruler, would not have allowed himself to be caught by a military revolt as he has been. It was well known that there was disaffection in the army; the emperor winked at it.

The formation of military republican clubs was reported to the government; Dom Pedro would allow no interference with them. The very head of the revolution, Gen. Fonseca, was openly guilty of insubordination and strongly suspected of traitorous schemes; the gentle old emperor stopped the proposed court martial.

Shrewd Revolutionists.

The blow was shrewdly planned and happily timed. A national guard of 100,000 men was about to be organized; if it had been, the 6,000 regular troops would not have had their own way in Rio so easily. The parliament was about to meet; most of its members are doubtless now in the power of the army; they will find it hard to resist the argument of pike and gun. If they indorse and proclaim a national government, what time so oppertune to secure recognition from the United States as the meeting of the Pan-American congress, in which Brazil is the only country represented not a republic.

All these points are duly considered by intelligent Brazilians here. One is impressed with the conviction of some of them, avowed monarchists that they are—a conviction arrived at reluctantly and sadly—that there is no way of making head against the revolutionists, that the parliament will be coerced, the country will acquiesce, and that Dom Pedro's abdication will be permanent.

Brazilian Securities Decline.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—Brazilian securities have further declined 5 per cent., and it is with great difficulty that purchasers can be found for them.

The Brazilian legation has received a cablegram from the new Brazilian minister of finance, requesting that notice be given to the stock exchange that all the financial engagements of the empire will be faithfully observed by the republic.

Effect on the Coffee Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—At the Coffee Exchange here coffee advanced from 15 to 25 points. On the first call, 20,750 bags were sold. Cable news from the Havre market to the Exchange states coffee has advanced 2½ francs over Saturday's closing. Coffee in the Hamburg market has advanced 1½ pfennig over the closing prices of Saturday.

CANADA'S DEFENSES.

Gen. Middleton to Inspect the Pacific Coast.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 19.—Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton, commanding the forces of the Dominion, is now on his way to British Columbia, where he goes to inspect and report upon the defenses of the Canadian Pacific coast.

The British government is not satisfied with what the Canadian government has done in the direction of increasing the efficiency of their military strength and the coast defenses of that province, the whole militia force on the Pacific not being more than 300 men. For some time past correspondence has been passing between the British and Canadian governments on this subject without any definite understanding having been reached.

The British are anxious to send out a force for the military protection of their naval station at Esquimalt, drawn from their home pensioners or reserve, who shall be paid and maintained by the Dominion government, but controlled entirely by the imperial authorities. To this proposal the Dominion government has positively refused to submit, holding that any force that they have to maintain in Canada they must control.

Gen. Middleton goes to the coast to see what outlay would be necessary to place the fortifications in a thoroughly efficient state with the most modern equipment, and to learn how far the militia system may be recruited to strengthen the present organization to be available for active service, should a call to arms ever be necessary.

The Baltimore and Ohio.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 19.—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, the following directors were elected for one year, 94,023 shares being voted: James Sloan, Jr., William F. Burns, D. H. Miller, William H. Blackford, Aubrey Pearre, George De B. Keim, Wesley A. Tucker, Maurice Gregg, J. Wilcox Brown, William A. Frick, George A. Von Lingen vice G. W. Atkinson, and George C. Jenkins vice C. F. Mayer, whose place has been vacant since his election as president. The annual report for the year ending Sept. 30, 1889, was approved. It shows gross earnings as follows: Freight, $14,669,446.66; passengers, $4,913,858.75; mail, express and miscellaneous, $1,781,378.96. Total, $21,303,001.99, an increase over last year of $949,510.35. Total expenses, $14,810,844.31, $610,283.02 more than last year, leaving net earnings from operation of the road, $6,492,157.68, $339,227.23 more than 1888. The income from other sources amounted to $1,265,861.20, and after paying interest on bonded indebtedness, rentals, taxes, etc., amounting to $6,208,562.45, and other charges, there is a surplus of $519,318.12, or $394,886.50 more than the surplus of 1888.

Congratulations for Verdi.

ROME, Nov. 19.—Signor Verdi has received telegrams of congratulation from King Humbert, Prime Minister Crispi and leading officials and citizens all over Italy on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his first opera.

A Furniture Factory Burned.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 19.—Fire at Oxford Sunday destroyed the Oxford Furniture factory and T. H. Treen's residence; loss $60,000; insurance light. Fifty men employed in the factory are thrown out of work.

Death of Lewis C. Cassidy.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—Hon. Lewis C. Cassidy, a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar and state attorney general during the administration of Governor Pattison, died suddenly at his home in this city.

Ashore on Bishop's Ledge.

HYANNIS, Mass., Nov. 19.—The schooner William Butnam, with lumber from Bangor for New York, went ashore on Bishop & Clark's ledge and filled with water. She will probably be lightered and floated.

Kilroy Scorns the Brotherhood.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 19.—Matthew Kilroy the Baltimore pitcher, has arrived here. He denies that he signed with the Boston Brotherhood club, and says he will play with the Baltimores next season.

Many Whales Near the Orkney Islands.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—Two hundred whales have lately been captured in the vicinity of the Orkney Islands, from which locality, it had been feared, whales were disappearing.

:-: ROCHESTER :-:

! CLOTHING HOUSE !

—:—o—:—

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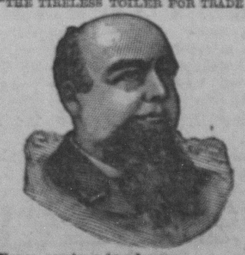

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A LABORATORY EXPLOSION.

THREE PERSONS KILLED AND SEVERAL OTHERS INJURED

AT THE CHEMICAL WORKS OF WILEY & WALLACE, ON SEVENTH STREET, ABOVE ARCH.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—By an explosion, supposed to have been caused by "flash-light" powder, at the chemical laboratory of Messrs. Wiley & Wallace, No. 123 North Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, three persons were instantly killed and several others were severely injured. Those killed were:

Joseph Wiley, the senior member of the firm, aged 39 years, who resided at No. 723 North Twenty-fifth street.

Charles P. Rhinedollar, foreman of the chemical department, aged 29 years, of 809 Lebanon street.

Rudolph Lippman, an employe in the chemical department, aged 17 years, of 1619 Carlisle street.

Those injured were: William Kidd, aged 21 years, a packer, residing at 625 Filbert street, badly cut about the body and legs by flying pieces of glass.

Joseph Brown, 26 years, employed in the drug department, cut about the head and arms, but not seriously.

Joseph Thomas, 42 years, of 2342 North Twenty-fourth street, incised wounds of leg and arm.

Thomas Haslam, bookkeeper, slightly cut in the face.

Alfred Moffett, engineer, badly cut about the face.

Several other persons also suffered slight cuts about the head and arms from flying glass.

It was about quarter before 4 o'clock when people passing along Seventh street, between Arch and Race streets, and on other streets in that vicinity, were startled by the report of a heavy explosion, which seemed to shake the ground on Seventh street. The report was followed by a crashing of glass and a cloud of dust, and what appeared to be smoke issued from the upper windows of the laboratory of Messrs. Wiley & Wallace. At the same moment a number of the employees of the establishment rushed out of the office door to the street, and the gathering crowd of people, attracted to the scene by the report of the explosion, were horrified to see a number of girls at the windows of the third floor, who, apparently, were getting ready to jump from the building. Men shouted to them to remain where they were, and a ladder having been procured it was placed against the building, but it was found to be too short, by about three feet, to reach the window where some of the girls were standing. Then they were told that there was no fire, and that it would be safer for them to wait until relief came. By this time several cool-headed men ran into the building, and the girls were all taken down a back stairway to Cherry steeet

In the meantime Policeman Manning, of the Sixth Ward Station, had turned in an alarm, and the arrival of the fire engines helped to increase the excitement. Lieut. Burk, of the same station, also hurried to the scene with a squad of policemen and started a search through the building. The first place visited was the bosement, and, in the extreme rear, in an area way, the searchers found three bodies, all shockingly burned and mutilated.

One body, from which both arms and legs had been torn, was discovered wedged behind some barrels. The clothes were burned, the face blackened and disfigured, and a portion of the breast gone. From the position in which the body was found and from certain marks it was believed to be that of Mr. Wiley. The other bodies were found laying near-by in the areaway, one across the other. Both were badly disfigured, and were nearly stripped of clothing. These were subsequently identified as those of Rhinedollar and Lippman.

The bodies were taken in a patrol wagon and a Pennsylvania Hospital ambulance to the police station, on Fifth street, above Race.

Thomas was taken in an ambulance to the Jefferson Hospital, and after his injuries had been attended to he was sent home.

Kidd was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where last night he was stated to be in an improved condition.

The other injured persons were able to go to their homes.

Fire Marshal Thompson and Inspector McDevitt, of the Insurance Patrol, made an inspection of the laboratory and took the statements of several of the employees. From the appearance of the interior of the building, the force of the explosion must have been very great, scarcely a whole pane of glass being left either in the front or the rear of the four floors of the laboratory.

In the rear there is a blind alley, about six feet wide, that portion back of No. 123 containing an areaway covered with an old door, supporting several barrels of mineral oil. This door and the barrels were wrecked, and the brick wall surrounding the area was blown down. Just inside the rear door the floor of the laboratory was forced up and broken, and the upper floors were covered with broken glass, and the plastering on the ceiling torn off. In the basement things were blown about and piled up in a confused mass, and in the area, where the bodies were found, was a mass of debris, mixed with which were portions of the clothing of those killed.

The effects of the explosion were not confined to the laboratory building, but caused considerable damage to the adjoining properties. No. 125, occupied by Edward Stern & Co., printers, and the Canfield Manufacturing Company, had the windows in the rear wrecked, and across the rear alley way all the side windows of the three-story unoccupied building, No. 628 Cherry street, were broken.

—A "lone" highwayman "held up" the Cass Bay stage near Roseburg, Oregon, on the 13th, and rifled the letters and registered pouches of their contents.

THE SNOW IN NEW MEXICO.

RAILROAD CUTS AGAIN FILLED AND TRAINS STOPPED.

SUCH A STORM NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN SOUTHERN COLORADO OR NEW MEXICO—26,000 HEAD OF SHEEP PERISHED.

TRINIDAD, Col., Nov. 12.—Various parties who spent ten days in the snow blockade, between Emory Gap and Folsom, N. M., arrived in this city yesterday. They report the suffering to man and animal fully as great as shown in former reports. Patrick Casey, engineer, spent eleven days in making the run from Trinidad to Lexline and return. For two days and nights he was without food. One meal he made on a jack rabbit caught in the snow. Seventy-five men shoveling snow at Mount Dora were cut off from food for two days and nights. They got some sheep out of the snow drifts and roasted and ate them. A delayed passenger train was cut off from the eating stations for three days. They drew on the express company for food supplies. The laborers who shovelled snow, when hungry, tapped the freight cars, containing canned goods, with an iron chisel or other tools. A hungry man would knock a hole in a can of corn or tomatoes, and then drink the can empty. Sometimes this raw food was frozen, but it went, among men so hungry. Two live goats were being shipped in a caboose, but the hungry men cut their throats and ate them raw. The report says that a sick man, traveling with two children, lay on his back two days, helpless. He had only crackers for nourishment. A sheep grower near Ute creek, a Mr. Garcia, is reported to have lost 5000 sheep from a flock of 8000. Engineer Lyon said that he saw more real destitution during ten days in this snow blockade than in all his life before. The road was opened with rotary snow plows, but remained open only a few hours. Yesterday morning's snow and wind blocked the cuts again and the passenger train due here from the South this forenoon is stuck in the snow. Altogether the blizzard has been a terrible one. None of us ever saw or heard of such a one in Southern Colorado or New Mexico. It was a Dakota storm that got off its range and struck an unsuspecting people.

President Morgan Jones, of the Fort Worth Road, was himself a passenger from the scene of the blockade.

CLAYTON, N. M., Nov. 12.—Tidings from small towns and ranches off the railroad confirm the reported loss of life and property during the late storm. From Trrmperas comes the news that three Mexican herders perished on the second day of the storm. Lujan Brothers, living on the Seneca, lost one herder.

A man, name unknown, herding horses in the Rafel district, and two other men, left their horses and started for a place of shelter. Becoming numb he fell and perished. His companions were too much exhausted to help him. The total loss of life, so far as reported, number nine. Several more are missing, and their friends are anxiously searching for them.

The loss of sheep, in and around this place alone is 26,000 head, and several large herds on the Ute creek have not yet been heard from. The loss in cattle will not be as heavy as at first supposed, unless the cold weather continues. Snow began falling again yesterday and continued last night. About eight inches of new snow on top of the twenty inches already on the ground makes it impossible for the railroad folks to keep the trail clear. They succeeded in getting trains through yesterday, but are all snowed up again, and the cold is intense, being almost to zero.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—By a rush of melted iron from the stacks of Colebrook Furnace, No. 1, at Lebanon, Penna., on the afternoon of the 4th, Henry Bohr, Henry Fertig, Isaac Siegrist, William Snyder and Harvey Beck were killed, and John Rohr. Benjamin Eck and Enock Eisenhauer were severely burned. The men were overwhelmed by the metal while at their work. The hoisting shaft of the furnace was destroyed.

—Mattie Brown, aged 13 yeas, who worked in Reager's hosiery mill, in Norristown, Pa., was caught in the shafting by her hair on the afternoon of the 5th and injured so badly that she died in a short time.

—Daniel Carmichael, one of the best known business men in Amsterdam, New York, has been arrested on the charge of forgery. The forgeries extend over a period of two years. The amount is placed at $110,000. Most of the notes are on John Carmichael, the forger's brother, but the name of Craig & Co., of New York, was used freely also. Andrew C. Drum, of Kansas City, Missouri, charged with forging the name of his uncle, Major Andrew Drum, to checks amounting to $50,000 and absconding with the money, has been arrested in Toronto. Major Drum has gone to Toronto secure his extradition. Young Drum was considered a model young man, was his uncle's confidential employe, and, it was understood, would inherit his uncle's entire estate, which is estimated at $3,000,000.

—While driving out of Granville, Wisconsin, early on the morning of the 11th, August Moritzki, a farmer, was attacked by three highwaymen, who pulled him from his wagon, pounded his face with stones and robbed him of $58, his watch and other valuables. Moritzki is in a critical condition.

—A report from Lockford, California, says that early on the morning of the 12th a Congregational minister named Ross killed his wife and 12-year-old son and then committed suicide. Charles A. Smith, a prominent Republican politician in Repline, Alabama, was shot and killed on the 12th by Calvin Brown. They quarrelled over politics.

A collision occurred at Lula, Georgia, on the evening of the 11th, between a passenger and freight train. Fireman Ford was killed and James Bell was badly injured.

—A despatch from Kansas City says that a blizzard is sweeping over Southern and Western Kansas. The wind turned to the north early in the evening and brought with it snow, which in some localities is drifting badly. At Arkansas City, near the Indian Territory, a regular norther is reported. At Wichita the snow is flying, and at Syracuse the blizzard is at its height. Abilene, in the centre of the State, reports severe wind and thick snow. A heavy snow storm was reported at Sioux City, Iowa, on the 12th.

—Amanda Steyner, aged 19 years, daughter of ex-Assistant Treasurer Steyner, was standing in her doorway in Cincinnati, on the evening of the 12th, watching the return of a wedding party to a house opposite, when some fool fired off a revolver "to celebrate the event." The second bullet pierced Miss Steyner's abdomen, causing a wound from which she died on the 13th. Charles Thowarlah has been arrested on suspicion of having fired the shot.

—A dam at McClellan's flouring mill, about a mile west of Alton, Ontario, broke on the morning of the 13th and the water swept to the town. Six mill dams, four bridges and several mills and dwellings were destroyed, and an aged couple named Harris were drowned.

—John McDonald and Duncan Beveridge, homesteaders at Matchwood, Michigan, had some trouble over a homestead claim. On the evening of the 11th McDonald went to Beveridge's cottage to talk matters over. Mrs. Beveridge and a friend were also in the room. During the conversation the men got very excited, and McDonald pulled his revolver and shot Beveridge, wounding him fatally. He then turned upon the women and shot Mrs. Beveridge in the hip, after which he emptied the remaining chambers of his revolver at Mrs. Beveridge's friend, inflicting a fatal wound. McDonald was arrested.

—Arthur A. Richwine was found hanging by one foot on the ladder leading to the gas pit at McCormick's furnaces, at Harrisburg, Pa., on the evening of the 13th. Both eyes were burned out.

—A man named Potter and his son, who left their ranch near Trinidad, Colorado, for that town nearly two weeks ago, have not been heard of since then, and are supposed to have perished in the blizzard.

—It is estimated that it will cost $10,000 to repair the damage done by recent rain storms to the new silver vault in the Treasury court, in which nearly 100,000,000 standard dollars are stored.

—In August last August C. Hanke was found dead in a lumber camp near Spokeville, Wisconsin, with an empty rifle by his side and a bullet through his body. His death was supposed to have been accidental. Recently, however, officers had reason to suspect that Hanke had been murdered, and warrants were issued on the evening of the 12th for two suspected persons, one of them a man named Field. Field was found on the morning of the 13th hanging dead in his barn near Spokeville. The other suspected man has not yet been arrested.

—A despatch from Covington, Indiana, says that on the evening of the 12th at Brown's Chapel, a country church, about ten miles from Covington, 30 persons, disguised with white caps and masks, faces blackened, and armed with clubs, entered the church, 15 in each isle, marched up to the pulpit and took the preacher, Rev. S. Lindsay, of Danville, Illinois, to the woods, about a half a mile distant, and gave him his choice between leaving the country early the next morning and a terrible pounding. He decided to leave. All those in the church were warned not to leave it. The cause of the trouble seems be the manner of conducting meetings and of treating peope for diseases with the faith cure.

—John Henry, an old soldier, fell or jumped from a passenger train at Williamsport, Pa., on the morning of the 14th, and was killed. He was on his way to the Soldiers' Home, at Erie, of which institution he had been an inmate. He was returning from a visit to friends in Chester county, Pa. A special train collided with a switch engine near Canton, Mississippi, on the 14th, resulting in the death of Patrick Richmond, engineer of the switch engine; Tom Loftins, switchman, and an unknown negro. Jim Smith, D. Halsey and V. Thomas, and several other persons were injured.

—While men were blasting rock on the construction branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Jefferson county, Minnesota, on the evening of the 12th, a blast of giant powder failed of the desired effect, and some black powder was pounded in to complete the blast. An explosion followed instantly, killing six men—Constantine Sullivan, John Dell, A Finn, A. W. Lansen, T. O'Leary and Ham Roos. Two others had thir eyes blown out.

—An explosion of fireworks occurred on the 12th in the pyrotechnic factory of Marnie & Romaine, at Petersburg, Virginia. Six thousand pieces of fireworks were destroyed and three men were fatally burned.

—While blasting rock at White Rock, Colorado, on the 13th, William Richardson, Ralph Shaffer and Louis Waltham were killed by the premature explosion of a charge of giant powder. David Brown, aged 75 years, was killed and his two daughters were badly injured by a runaway accident at Atkinson, Maine, on the evening of the 13th. Miss Bertha A. Gates, 21 years of age, daughter of Rev. M. A. Gates, was killed by being thrown from her horse in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on the afternoon of the 13th.

—Tree men wearing masks attacked a Chinese wood-chopping camp, near Portrand, Oregon, on the evening of the 12th to rob the Chinamen. A fight ensued, in which one of the robbers was cut so badly that he died soon after. One of the Chinamen was shot several times, and it is thought that he is fatally wounded. Another robber was also badly chopped with a hatchet. The dead robber's name is Myron Locke.

The Valley of Silence.

In the hush of the valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall flow into speech;
And I have heard dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to teach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wore holy veils over their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
One is the dark mountain of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.
—*Father Ryan.*

HOW THE KITTENS MADE THE MATCH.

MRS. A. M. PAYNE.

"I intend to put old Tabby and her kittens in the carriage house Phillis. They are really a nuisance here. It was bad enough to insist upon keeping five kittens at all, but when they have begun to climb over the sides of the box and are running in every direction I can not endure it. I stepped on two of them this morning, and I am sure I do not wish to hurt them."

Mrs. Morrison carefully lifted a kitten and put it into the box, and while she was trying to get the second who had run under the lounge the first was out again upon the floor. Phillis laughed and laid down the book she was holding, to join in the pursuit, and finally the five kitten and old Tabby were transferred to the carriage, with a warm corner allotted them in the old sleigh.

There was much laughing and chasing before this was accomplished, and Tabby was very much disturbed by the whole proceeding, but to look at Phillis face when she returned to the room, Tabby was not the only troubled member of the household.

Her very grave face and dejected manner, however, had nothing to do with kittens. One of those interesting people who feel a "neighborly interest" in everybody had dropped in to see Mrs. Morrison that morning, and Phillis had heard, or overheard, some not very kind remarks.

After discussing the different diseases in the town, the varieties of pickle the leading housekeepers were putting up, and the new dressmaker from New York, the neighbor remarked.

"I hear young Phil Dennison comes to see your Phillis a good deal." Likely young man he is too, but I hear it is always the last new pretty face that attracts him. Nobody knows where he spends his evening's when he is not here. They say at his boarding house that he is never at home, though to be sure a boarding house is a poor place for a young man."

Phyllis liked Phil Dennison. The frank manly bearing, and his plainly shown preference for her society had drawn out all the sympathy of a loving heart. He had spoken of their home, and how much he enjoyed spending an evening with her, and had made one or two remarks which had led Phillis to believe that she was the only one whom he liked to visit.

One of those young men who styles himself one of the boys had also taken a neighborly interest in Phil. He was one of a club where Phil had been introduced but in which he had lost interest. They met upon the street.

"Given up the club, have you?' asked the young man.

"I have not been there lately," replied Phil, "I have been very busy."

"Ha! ha! I understand." I hear you are at Deacon Morrison's. Take care there I heard that Phillis said you were dull company. She is not one who likes everybody. See you soon, I hope.

"It does not prove anything, because she does not like you," thought Phil bitterly as he walked away, but still the memory of the remark rankled as such things will do, taking all the joy out of the day and tinging everything. He hesitated when evening came, doubting whether he had better go to the Morrison's, but he fought against his feeling, and went, after all.

He was late however, and the quick heart beat of the girl who waited, told her that she was more glad to hear the sound of his boot than she ought to be. She met him rather stiffly and without reaching out a hand, and he wondered if she found him "dull." They tried to talk but neither felt at ease. The two kind neighbors who had interfered in their behalf, seemed to stand like ghosts between them, and neither knew what the barrier was. It was one of those little happenings,—if we have a right to call anything a happening—which have spoiled the happiness of of many a life.

Finally he rose to go, and she thinking with a pang that he was tired of her society, rose also without a word.

Just then at the parlor door which opened — southern fashion — upon a porch, there was a curious noise not a footstep, but an uncertain thumping as if something was thrown against the panels. They both turned in that direction, expecting some one to enter, but when no one did, and the thumping continued, Phil asked:

"Shall I open the door, Miss Phillis?"

"Certainly," she replied, "I cannot think what it is."

He opened the door and in walked Tabby, and in scrambled or rolled or trotted five little kittens, glad enough of the warmth and light they rolled themselves in every direction over the parlor floor. Phyllis seized one and Phil another, and placed them upon the rug before the fire. Then two more and the mother cat, while a poor little stray, sat mewing by the door. With a great deal of laughter Phyllis, and Phil tried to collect them on the rug together but they would not stay, and no sooner was one safely there, than another would have roamed to a far corner of the room.

Poor Tabby," said Phil, who had one of those best of manly hearts wherein there is a place for all dumb creatures, "how those kittens worry you, don't they. "He took her up and stroked her gently, and then Phyllis tried to collect the kittens again. She held them all in her apron at last, and then Phil put Tabby down, and came to Phyllis, and they bent over the pretty little funny things, admiring and petting them.

"I declare," said Phil with a laugh, "I have not been so merry in a month. I have been over to Hampton's every evening, I have been away from you, caring for a sick friend, and I have been up late so many nights, I am quite worn out. I fear you have found me dull."

A pang of sorrow at her false judgment caused Phillis to say as she looked up at him, "I never find you dull. How you friend must have enjoyed having you with him."

"You are good to say so," he replied, remembering his judgment of her, and he took gently the hand that was stroking a kitten, and held it without a motion of withdrawal from her.

The other hand however, could not hold the restless family, and they all rolled down on to the rug again.

They were at the four corners of the room and one in the middle in two minutes, so they did not see the tableaux by the fire, and I shall not tell what took place.

Next morning, however, Phyllis was in the kitchen, and as she made Tabby and her kittens comfortable in their box beside the stove, she said to her mother. "Please mamma let the cat keep her Kittens. I think they are the dearest little things I ever saw."

So it came to pass that at the Morrison mansion there is an old cat and three large younger cats, for the other two live with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dennison at their new cottage on Congress Avenue.

Who Invented Smiling.

By some accounts this facial spasm is itself an innovation, and was a trick of fashion set so little time ago as at the beginning of the last century; and the mode, said to have originated at Vienna, coming to Paris, was there, it is reported, called La Viennoise, and from that center, so rapid is the spread of absurdity, extended to the ends of Europe. And surely this unmirthful smile that we all employ, this grin that is only of the lips, is an absurd thing, neither natural nor decorous; for why should I smile inanely and endeavor to seem glad when I meet an aquaintance? Why should he return this conventional salutation with a corresponding contraction of the muscles of his face when he sees me? How is he to know that I am not weighed down by some secret sorrow which my smile of greeting but thinly conceals? How am I to be sure that my own smile should not rather be a groan of sympathy or silent tear? We smile in concert, hypocrites that we are, while perhaps our very hearts are torn asunder! How much wiser is the gravity of the Portuguese peasant, or the stern salutation of the Oriental, who has not yet caught this European trick of the lips, and who meets and greets his acquaintance with the grave sympathy of one wayfarer meeting another on this rugged, tortuous path of life that has its ending only in the mysterious grave!

A Mirage on the Plains.

We witnessed the most perfect mirage we ever saw on the Laramie plains one evening recently. It was about an hour before sunset, and looking out of a car window we saw a mile away a beautiful lake. It was in a slight depression among the hills, and seemed to be about two miles long by a mile wide. Never having noticed a lake at that place on the road, we were considerably astonished, and asked the conductor for an explanation. He was equally astonished, as were passengers familiar with the road. As the train advanced the lake appeared to enlarge and rise, but in spite of this it was difficult to believe the appearance was simply that optical delusion known as mirage, and that what appeared to be a lake was a grassy level plain. The apparent lake was as smooth and bright as a mirror, except at one edge, where it appeared to be ruffled by the wind. The strange sight was viewed with wonder by hundreds of passengers until it was out of sight.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

MPRISONED WOMEN.

How Feminine Vanity and Self-Will Operate Behind the Bars.

Compulsion is the woman convict's drop of bitterness, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life, makes her durance doubly vile. All her vile feathers are sacrificed ruthlessly. Her hair, which she has apostolic authority for regarding as an ornament, is shorn of its last lock as soon as her cell has been alotted to her; and the face which has gazed with perfect passiveness, almost to rouse a country's admiration, and the tongue that has been made mute under the finding of jury and sentence of Judge, are raised to plead pathetically with the holder of the scissors, while the corridors sometimes ring again to the piercing cries for a sparring pity as the inexorable shearers gather their harvest of curls. But, spring returns, and the hair renews itself, and before the next shearing day the girls grumble that a thoughtless administration provides them with no hairpins. One woman whose hair continued to be suspiciously resplendent, as of macassar, after weeks of incarceration, was an object of some wonderment, even to the chaplain until she explained to him in confidence that she allowed her broth to grow cool and then skimmed off the fat to glitter in her crown of glory. Another girl certainly roughed, and rouge tells effectively on the pallor of prison confinement. Great was the envious indignation of her sisters in servitude, against a frivolity so unattainable, but greater still, perhaps, was the curiosity to discover how the accomplishment of such a frivolity coulh be attained. At length it was discovered that the red threads woven among the blue shirts which she had to sew would, when drawn out and chewed, yield the bloom yearned after by the cheek of beauty. The manner in which nearly every woman finds it possible to disarrange and double one of her underskirts and present the fascinations of a crinolette is so comic that it has been known to wring a smile from the gravest among men—a prison chaplain. And a woman without a looking-glass! Only the austerest and severest orders of nuns renounce that. And perhaps it is the female prisoner's most oppressive penance, for the relief of which she is even willing to risk the imposition of extra punishment—a task the more, a meal the less. By an accident, which she declares she will regret for a lifetime, she has broken a window. The hole is there, sure enough; but where is the detached glass? Days after this it is found concealed in a corner of her cell and behind it a strip of dark cloth, her substitute for quicksilver. And all fyr what? There are no male hearts to break and few male eyes to see.

Arabi Pasha Restless and Unhappy.

An Englishman who has spent some time at Colombo has given a correspondent of the Birmingham (England) Post an idea of the present life and surroundings of Arabi Hasha. He states that the Egyptian exile is falling into a state of despondency. "A few years ago he was altogether a jovial and well-conditioned fellow; now he looks dyspeptic and unhappy, and wears his 49 years as though they were many more. While his companions seem to live in ease and comfort, and are determined to enjoy the life to which fate has for a while consigned them, Arabi, is restless, unhappy, and oppressed with a morbid fear that he will die in exile. Occasionally he exhibits a little interest in the possibility of growing Ceylon products in Egypt. In the ordinary amusements of the isle he takes little interest, and the monotony of his life seems to be only varied by occasional drives to the houses of the more popular members of Colombo society, a visit to the cinnamon gardens, or an infrequent stroll along the Galle Face beach. His family take life more easily. His wife and his daughters and his sons (one son excepted, who remains altogether with his father) spend considerable time in Egypt."

A Wearisome Subject.

People who are completely absorbed in their own personality make the grave error of supposing that the subject of which they never tire is equally interesting to others; hence, if they "enjoy poor health," it is their habit to give effusive descriptions of numerous aches and pains to whomsoever they meet. Now, illness, of all things in the world, is the least interesting, and even in one's own family soon becomes tiresome. Sympathy called upon too often becomes to a certain degree lessened. We can each recall too many people who make bodily ills the stock subject for conversation in and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their minute recitals. We ought not to ignore real illness and expect it to leave or pass by us because of our non-recognition, but we need not draw the shadow of disease about our family gatherings and gala days by describing every little pain that has wearied us.

Justice raises a nation, but sin makes a people miserable.

Face all things. Even adversity is polite to a man's face.

Two Women.

I know two women: and one is chaste
And cold as the snows on a Winter waste;
Stainless ever, in act and thought
(As a man born dumb in speech errs not,)
But she has malice toward her kind—
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind,
Void of pity, and full of greed.
She judges the world by her narrow creed.
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate.
Yet she holds the key to "Society's" gate.

The other woman, with a heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name,
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed thro' death.
Her aim is noble, her pity so broad
It covers the world like the mercy of God.
A healer of discord, a soother of woes.
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
The worthier life of the two, no doubt;
And yet "Society" locks her out.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

BELLE OF THE OCEAN.

An autumn afternoon; the sky a mellow opal, melting into gorgeous gold and crimson in the west, and deepening into night-like gloom toward the south, where the great pine ridge loomed up, tossing out its ghostly fringes, and moaning and sighing with an agony that seemed almost human. Westward, a few scattering hillocks; and nestling in their midst, and old-style farm-house, its one window all aflame with the reflection of the sunset; then, sweeping out in long, monotonous stretches, the low salt marshes, and the bleak white beach and the sea. That was the Headlands! Nothing handsome or attractive about the place—no forests or mountains; but the sea was there, and that more than compensated for all the other deficiencies. Nature is wondrously just in her apportionments—what she denies on one hand she makes up on the other.

On the extreme point of the Headlands was a ragged boulder, standing, as it were at anchor, for the salt waves beat in a circle round its base; and on its summit, swinging out with a daring recklessness that would have been appalling to timid, inland folk, a sturdy youth, wearing the rude garb of a fisherman. Rather an ordinary specimen, judging from a first glance, but closer observation brought out finer points. A perfect head rising in leonine grandeur above square, burly shoulders; a heavy figure, with muscles like iron, and a homely, good-natured face, lit by a pair of blue-gray eyes that swept the sea with the restless glance of an eagle—that was Harry Melville.

As the twilight deepened, and the sun dipped lower, he seemed wrapped in a kind of ecstasy; the fire that had kindled in his eyes melted into a dreamy softness, and keeping time with his foot, as he swung from his lofty perch, he broke out into a song—a urde, nautical thing; but the old-time air was sweet; and the voice that sung it wondrous clear and resonant, ringing out like a trumpet peal above the dash of the waves, yet sweet and tender as the note of a wood thrush. Over and over again he trilled the quaint ditty, until every echo caught up the strain, and the whole place, and the great sea itself seemed thrilling with melody.

Just then the door of the old farm house swung open, letting out a broad flood of lamplight, and a slender girl's figure; and an instant later that selfsame figure, quaint and prim in its gown of gray, stood just behind the singer. He sang on, utterly unconscious. Her lily fair face twinkled with a little mischievous laugh, and climbing up the boulder with rare agility, she put her rosy mouth to his ear.

"Harry!"

He was near losing his balance, and his song came to a sharp and sudden end, leaving the closing night in silence. The girl broke into a merry laugh. Recovering his senses and his foothold, he laughed too, and catching her in his arms, climbed down. She struggled from his embrace the instant his feet touched the sand, and then they stood face to face. Harry spoke first.

"Well, Syria?" he asked.

"Nothing—only supper is waiting, and Aunt Sarah is growing impatient," she replied.

"Oh, that's all!" The eager light dying out of his eyes, and leaving them gloomy and abstracted. "I do not want any supper' I've made up my mind, Syria."

She gave a quick, gasping breath, but face and voice were quiet.

"Well, Harry?"

"I'm going!"

"When?"

"At daybreak."

Her very lips paled, and her slender finger shook and trembled, but her eyes remained true and steady.

"Well," she answered slowly, "God bless you, Harry!"

The boy stood silent, his eyes fixed on the far coast line, where the red sunset fires were slowly burning out, his thoughts busy with the past. One night, especially, stood out clear and vivid—a wild, stormy night, when the sky was like ink, and the mad sea thundered until the old farm-house shook to its very centre. They were down on the strand, his father and a half dozen fishermen—himself, a sturdy lad, following like a young spaniel. Hard work lay before the men. A stately vessel lay out on the bar, and the strong gale was driving her to pieces.

Boat after boat started out as her booming guns begged for assistance; but each one was swamped or driven back. It was mere desperation, and an old sailor said, no boat could stand such a gale—they could do nothing. His father chuckled to himself, and bringing out a sturdy craft of his own placed himself at its helm. and went out into the darkness, never to return again, the men averred; but Harry did not believe it. He had never known his father to fail, and he sat down amid the crash and roar to watch and wait. And not vainly; for by-and-by the sturdy boat beat its way back, bringing only one trophy, a little sea waif that the old man had picked up—a tiny girl child, with flaxen hair and blue eyes.

The rough men bore her up to the old farm-house. Harry trotting on behind; and before day dawn the booming guns were silent, for the stately vessel, after a brave fight, had gone down beneath the hungry waves.

Captain Melville and his wife could do nothing more or less than to adopt the little storm-gift and bring her up as their own child. Accordingly they took off her fine apparel and clothed her in gray homespun; and she ran barefooted on the sands, and played with the white haired children of the fishermen. Syria was her name—every article of clothing she wore at the time of the wreck was marked with it; and a small jewelled locket, that hung from her neck, bore the same signature. Too fine and fanciful, her foster parents said, and would have laid it away with her apparel, but the child's name seemed to cling to her, to be part and parcel of her identity. So they called her Syria, after all; and as she merged into maidenhood the lads called her the "belle of the ocean."

She and Harry had been sister and brother for ten years, eating their frugal supper from the same porringer, and sharing the same bed in childhood, and in maturer years they were undivided. Watching the purple and golden sunsets; drifting out up the sunrise sea; walking the silver sands—always together. But all these pleasant days were at an end now—Harry was going away. The thing had been talked of for months by the farm-house fireside. Captain Melville favored it. The sea was the right place for Harry, he said, and a berth in the Black Dragon would not be offered him every day.

Harry's mother opposed the plan with all her might—the lad could make a living at home. Yet she set herself to work making warm trousers and knitting warm socks. Syria helped her in silence. The lad himself said nothing; he found it very hard to make up his mind to go at all. His ambition was unbounded, his possibilities brilliant, and the great, untried world very alluring; but his love for the old Headland farm-house and its inmates was stronger than anything else. Yet he had to come to a decision at last, and he was not the boy to change his mind.

"Yes, the Black Dragon sails at day break, and I'm going in her, Syria;" he said, his eyes solemn and tender, and his voice tremulous.

The girl stood silent a moment; then putting the question with a forced laugh:

"How far are you going, Harry?" she said. "When do you expect to come back?"

"The Black Dragon's bound round the world, I believe," he responded; "and as to coming back—well, it will be years before I see the Headlands again, I guess."

Then a sudden light blazed up in his eyes.

"Shall you miss me when I'm gone, do you think, Syria?" he asked.

A swift rose color bloomed in her cheeks, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

"O Harry!" putting out her hands piteously. "I shall die when you are gone!"

Those who knew Harry Melville, and called him rough and ugly, scarcely would have recognized him at that moment, his face was so transfigured. Clasping the little outstretched hands in his, he bent over her with a look in his eyes such as a young mother might lavish on her first-born babe; and she, bending and yielding like a graceful vine, let her young head, with all its wealth of sunny gold, droop down and rest upon his shoulder. Thus, for one sweet moment, they stood in silence, the sea thundering at their feet, the moon soaring overhead; and although no word was spoken, each one felt that from henceforth life would have but one hope, one definite purpose.

Syria broke the silence.

"Harry," she said, her voice sweet with unbroken tenderness, "I'm superstitious, you know. I want you to take this with you," unclasping a slender gold chain from her neck. "I always had a fancy that this little trinket possessed some hidden charm. Put it on your neck, please, and if you are ever left to the mercy of the wild waves, it will save you, maybe, as it did me."

Harry smiled at this silly notion, but his face glowed with delight as he bent his head and suffered her to transfer the dainty little thing from her neck to his; for he knew that it was her sole treasure, prized above all things else, yet she gave it to him.

"Now," she continued, proudly, as the little jewelled locket, upon which her name was engraved, sparkled on his bosom, "you will have to come back, anyhow. I'm to have this back again, you know."

"You shall, Syria, God willing!" he answered, solemnly.

"Very well. Come, now, supper will be spoiled, and Aunt Sarah ready to scold."

He continued to hold her hand, and, side by side, they walked to the house. The captain and his wife were in the doorway, ready to chide them for their tardiness; but a single glance silenced them.

"So you have made up your mind at last, Harry?" the old man said.

"Yes, father."

"When do you sail?"

"At daybreak."

The mother heard no more. Going back into the old sitting-room, with its happy fireside and cheerful supper-table, she went to work packing away the warm trousers and heavy socks, now cramming in a bundle of cakes or a twist of home-made candy, her eyes all the while blinded with falling tears.

At moonrise everything was ready, and with his knapsack strapped across his shoulders, Harry stood in the doorway.

"Good-by, father!" his voice husky.

"Good-by, Harry. Make a man o' yourself before you cast anchor again."

"Ay, ay, father."

Then he broke down, and pulling his cap over his eyes, strode away without another word.

At the first reddening of the dawn, the Black Dragon sailed; and straining her blue eyes in the uncertain light, to catch a glimpse of the spreading sails, Syria caught a faint echo, Harry's voice, borne back on the morning breeze as he stood on deck, singing his old sea song.

Autumn faded into winter; snows fell, whitening all the solemn beach, crowning the little hillocks round the old farm house. Spring followed with balmy winds and genial skies, and summer and winter again. One after another the seasons followed each other. The gray moss on the old farm-house roof grew larger and thicker; the old captain was getting rheumatic and dozed away the afternoons in the chimney corner, and Aunt Sarah was losing something of her old bustling activity, and gradually suffering the long thread of household cares to slip through her fingers into Syria's hands.

Beautiful Syria! The promise of her girlhood was being developed into glorious maturity. But she might have been a pearl, as they called her, in her icy seclusiveness, for all the human feeling she seemed to possess. One by one the Headland boys came to the farm-house, to pay their homage to its lovely young mistress; and one by one they dropped off. Syria was not to be won. So cold, quiet and unapproachable was her manner that "as cold as the belle of the ocean" came to be a proverb among them.

In the meantime the days rolled on, bringing the third autumn; and with it happy tidings. The Black Dragon was homeward bound. Aunt Sarah seemed to regain her lost youth as she listened, and went back to her old post and old labors. All through the golden days they worked; cleansing and adorning the old-fashioned rooms, and heaping the cupboard shelves with rows of golden pumpkin pies, and platters full of crisp cream cakes. The turkeys were all fatted and ready to roast. Harry was fond of good living, and he should have it, his mother said, when he came. But why did he not come? Every day the Black Dragon was looked for, and every evening brought a disappointment.

At last, one golden afternoon, when sunlight streamed in yellow bars over the sanded floor, and Syria had looped back the curtains, with clusters of scarlet berries and sprays of wintergreen, and ranged the pippins in long rows on the mantel, in the very midst of their expectations, the tidings came, brought from the city by a fisherman. The Black Dragon, homeward bound, took fire just under the line, and every soul on board perished. Harry would never come home!

A silence more solemn than death fell on the old farm-house. Aunt Sarah sunk beneath the blow into feeble second childhood; and the old captain grew morose and sullen. Syria alone bore the blow bravely. Fair and white as a pearl, she moved about with sealed lips and solemn eyes, taking all the heavy household cares upon her slender shoulders, and working from dawn till twilight. Then, when the hush of night brooded over the great sea, she took her sole recreation. Gliding down to the beach, she would clamber to the top of the rough boulder, and sit for an hour looking out to sea, with her poor eyes full of piteous expectation.

"Syria is going daft" the Headland lads said, watching her with pitying eyes; and one or two, bolder than the others, essayed to comfort her. Brandon Hale, especially; a wealthy landholder from the inland.

"Syria;" he said, "I have lands and money; I can give you all the luxuries of life; and more, I can give you a strong, and true heart. Come with me, Syria; give me the right to make you forget this sorrow."

But Syria shook her head mournfully.

"No," she said, "I won't forget; he'll come by-and-by; my little charm will bring him! I'll wait."

Month after month, year after year, rolled on. The Headland lads and lasses grew up, and married, and encircled their firesides with broods of white-haired children; But beautiful Syria Melville, the peerless "belle of the ocean," still led an isolated life, still kept her fruitless lookout from the top of the boulder.

At last there came an afternoon black with portentous omens. The clouds wore a dull, brassy hue, and hung in a low line all along the horizon, and the thunder of the surf was deep and incessant. Flocks of sea birds whirled about in startled confusion; and at intervals a dull, lurid flash blazed up in the south. A storm was plainly at hand.

"I never see sich as these at the Headlands only once afore, and then we had a gale that just shivered things—and we are going to have it again."

The old fisherman was correct; about sunset it came, with a thundering crack and crash, as if the very heavens were being rolled together. All night long it continued, and Syria sat at the window, straining her eyes in the darkness and listening with a strange thrill at her heart to the incessant boom of the signal gun. There was a vessel on the bar; and the beach was lined with fishermen and wreckers anxiously awaiting her doom. At day dawn the captain rose and put down his pipe.

"The guns have ceased," he said, putting on his oil cloth coat. The poor ship's gone. I am going down to the shore, to see what the boys are doing."

Syria rose quickly and drew a shawl about her head.

"I'm going, too, father," she said.

"You, child, through this storm? Nonsense! Stay where you are."

"I must go, father," she urged, following him out with a strange light in her eyes.

The dim brightness of dawn was slowly struggling through the gray mists, and the fury of the gale had spent itself. The wreckers sat in groups around their smouldering fires, and the mad sea moaned, as if in remorse, over its pitilessness.

"A bad night, cap'n," one of them said, as he and Syria approached. "I was born and bred down at Gatehall, and I've never seen the beat o' this. Wasn't the gale a rusher?"

"Ay, she was—but what luck have ye had?"

"Poor luck, captain—poor luck! We tried putting out the boats, but it was no go—the gale was too hard. We picked up only that chap, and he's done for."

Syria's eyes followed his pointing finger, and beheld stretched upon the wet sand the figure of a man. At first the sight sickened her, and then a sudden energy thrilled through every fibre of her being. Approaching the spot where he lay, she knelt down beside him. A powerful figure, dressed in dark blue, wearing the mark of some rank upon his shoulders; a white, still face, the curling brown hair lying in tangled masses over the icy brow. Syria smoothed it back, and then she put her hand resolutely to his heart.

"He's not dead, father!" she cried. "There's warmth here—indeed there is! Let's take him up to the house and try to save him."

"Do as she bids you," said the old man; and the men obeyed.

They laid him on a litter and carried him into the old sitting-room, and then Aunt Sarah and Syria set to work. They understood their task, had their remedies all ready, and went at the work vigorously,

"Poor fellow!" Aunt Sarah said at last, tears streaming over her furrowed cheeks. "I'm afraid he's done for. He makes me think of my own dear lad; and he's leaving a poor mother, mebbe, or a wife, heart-broken like me. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

Syria said nothing; she only worked. She had been chafing his feet, and now she unbuttoned his woolen shirt, in order to reach his breast. In doing so, her fingers became entangled in a gold chain, from which hung a little locket blazing with jewels, and engraved with one word, "Syria." Aunt Sarah caught sight of it, and gave a wild cry; but Syria, with a face like death, and eyes that gleamed like stars, silenced her:

"'Tis he—your son, Harry! Don't you see? Will you waste your precious time! Let us work and save him!" she said.

And they did. By-and-by a faint warmth diffused itself over his body; a dim red shone in his pale cheeks, and he murmured, just above his breath:

"Syria! Syria! I am coming!"

Syria heard him, and without a word or a sigh, dropped in a dead faint at his very feet.

In a few days he entirely recovered and related his adventures. He had made his fortune, and was coming home to stay, and no one was more happy than Syria.

But three weeks after there was a grand wedding at the old farm-house; Captain Harry Melville received for his bride, Syria, the foundling, the beautiful "belle of the ocean," and their cup was full.

HOW IS IT DONE?

What Five Dollars Can Do.

A little money goes a great way. As an illustration of this read the following, founded upon an incident which is said to have actually occurred:

A owed $15 to B;
B owed $20 to C;
C owed $15 to D;
D owed $30 to E;
E owed $12.50 to F;
F owed $10 to A.

All of them were seated at the same table.

A, having a $5 note, handed it to B, remarking that it paid $5 of the $15 he owed B.

B passed the note to C, with the remark that it paid $5 of the $20 which he owed.

C passed it to D, and paid with it $5 of the $15 he owed D.

D handed it to E in part payment of $30 he owed him.

E gave it to F, to apply on account of the $12.50 he owed him.

F passed it back to A, saying, "This pays half the amount I owe you."

A again passed it to B saying, "I now only owe you $5."

B passed it again to C, with the remark, "This reduces my indebtness to you $10."

C again paid it to D, reducing his indebtedness $5.

D paid it over to E, saying, "I now owe you $20."

E handed it again to F, saying, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to $2.50.

Again F handed the note to A, saying, "Now I don't owe you anything."

A passed it immediately to B, thus canceling the balance of his indebtedness.

B handed it to C, reducing his indebtedness to $5.

C canceled the balance of his debt to D by handing the note to him.

D paid it again to E, saying, "I now only owe you $15."

Then E remarked to F, "If you will give me $2.50, this will settle my indebtedness to you."

F took the $2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E, returning the $5 to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single $5 note having paid $82.50 and canceled A's debt to B, C's debt to D, E's debt to F, and F's debt to A, and at the same time having reduced B's debt to C from $20 to $5, and D's debt to E from $30 to $15.

Amazing the King.

One would think it odd, to say the least, if, on visiting the court of a civilized country, he were called upon to show his proficiency in swimming as a method of proving his desirability as a guest; yet such was the experience of a missionary in Africa, who tells his story in "Two Kings of Uganda."

Swimming is a very rare accomplishment in Buganda. One day when I had obtained audience with King Mwanga, he asked me eagerly, "Can you swim?"

"Yes," I replied, "a little."

"Will you swim in my pond?" he continued.

"I should be most happy."

"When will you do it?"

"Whenever you wish."

"Will you come now?" he asked, with great interest.

"Is it not too late?"

"Ah, you will not come now!" he repeated, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, now, if you like," I said.

So up goes the King, stepped from his throne, took me by the hand and led me out, followed by a crowd of pages, and we made our way to the pond. It was rather muddy, but I took off my clothes and, plunging into the water, swam about, to the King's great satisfaction and delight. He had evidently doubted my proficiency in so great an art, and when he found that I was no deceiver, his respect for me was unbounded.

—W. T. Woodard's fall sale aggregated $113,365 for 222 head, an average of $510.65.

—William Hayward has signed an agreement to ride for Senator Hearst next season.

—Messrs. John Hunt and August Belmont have made entries for the American Derby of 1891.

—A. K. Bussel, of Lebanon, Ky., has sold Hazeleye, a 2-year-old filly by Socoates, for $2000.

—Palo Alto Bell, a good 3-year-old, went a mile in 2.22½ recently. This colt is a full sister to Bell Boy.

—Dr. Street has changed the name of the 3-year-old colt by Sensation, out of Oella, from Prince George to Sentiment.

FASHION NOTES.

That we are not to be allowed to forget the Paris Exposition, which is almost a thing of the past, is easily to be seen in the many and gorgeously colored fabrics, whose names instantly recall to our mind all the richness and magnificence of the exhibits of the different countries which were displayed there. The fabrics which will be used this winter for ball and reception dresses, partake of all these magnificent colors. The brocades, made over plain skirts of black or white satin, are marvels of color, radiating with multi-colored tints of exquisite shades, with superb flowers trailing from their sheafs of rays.

Not only fancy dresses, but all dresses of wool, also cloths employed for outside wraps, are found in the same glowing colors.

The effect of these colors are not to be described; they must be seen to be appreciated. We have also strange, odd names attached to all articles. For instance, we hear of the Bolero. This is nothing new—nothing more than a hat which successive novelties have finally shoved into the back-ground, but which "fashion" has suddenly restored to favor. It is made of black or colored felt, trimmed with pompons, with plumes and with silk or knots of velvet. We have seen a bolero in black felt, lined with velvet and trimmed with two pompons of silk, one black, the other having the size and color of a beautiful orange. The beautiful orange yellow, which is called Manola, will be very abundantly used this winter.

Among the many pretty toilettes seen, is one very interesting, because it is useful—the tunique without plaits.

Our model is of Nile green cloth and black velvet. It is a large redingote lined with silk; the fronts and the back being of black velvet. Upon this velvet is adjusted a garment of cloth, accordeon plaited, which shows in the back the same portion of velvet as in the front. The sleeves are of velvet and the collar and cuffs of black martin.

Scotch plaids are in great favor, also large squares, or squares formed upon a brown or gray foundation, by a rather thick stripe in black or cameo color.

Embroideries also are used more than ever before. Braids, applications in leather, velvet, etc. Thus we are not put to expense for new designs, for the embroideries, braids and applied work of all sorts, are sufficient to make from a plain fabric, a very charming garment. Very beautiful panels in embroidered cashmere, mixed with metallic threads, present a fine effect. These panels are used, full length, to the bottom of the dress skirt and on the skirts of redingotes. The application of silks of all colors, with a mounting of gold and silver, is one of the richest novelties of the season. Some dresses come quite finished, that is to say, a portion of the plain goods is embroidered; comprising the front of the skirt trimmed with a band, also the fronts of the corsage, the collar and the cuffs.

In some of these embroideries the burnished silver points, which outline the design, are very prominent. The ornaments, which are veritable jewels, are always in burnished silver mingled with the embroideries.

The effect of these trimmings is of the richest and strangest. Among the tints most in favor is the violet. We do not mean the heliotrope tint, which to-day appears faded, but the deep violet—as the prelate-violet and the aubergine-violet. For the greens, we have the Nile green, a shade rather lighter and yellowish, but which is much used for hats and dresses; than comes the billard green, vervain green, very delicate, and lastly the old mignonette green. The yellows comprise the Manola, the beautiful orange color, the Cleopatra, old Indian gold and corn color.

In old rose colors the Monsovean, very deep, very reddish. A great deal of sky-blue, of a silver tint, is combined with black. There has never been seen so many hats of black and skye blue. One of the prettiest is of a large shape, with straight brim, trimmed with a cluster of black plumes and a band of kye-blue velvet ribbon, which also finishes knots in front and back. Another is of black felt with an immense black pigeon, a band of skye-blue ribbon around the crown and loops of the same in front and back.

We have also seen a pretty little toque of orange velvet, named, from the color, the Manola, with ornaments of jet and knots of red velvet. It is a dream, an indescribable fancy. The Robert Macaire, is in black chamois with a soft crown, little puffs of brown velvet and a beautiful seagull with wavy wings resting on its brim. This hat commands the attention of all. Not less, also, do the traveling and visiting hats of the season receive great favor.

For outside wraps, fawn color, with large designs "in relief," are in demand. A cloth, which meets with general approbation, is double faced and of two shades, so that it requires no lining. The colors which seem to be the most discordant, harmonize admirably under the magic wand of fashion. For proof, a hat of Nile green felt is trimmed with two large knots of violet velvet. Also a little toque of orange velvet, round as bolen, is trimmed with cardinal velvet ribbon. We see velvet flowers of all sorts; wake robins, orchids, iris sunflowers, etc.; many over shot ribbons of all colors, plumes, wings and birds.

It is—if not eclecticism—I know not what. But our readers have, we think, enough of it for to-day.

Legend of the Red Bull Calf.

No white man ever saw a buffalo west of the Rockies. The Indians of Northwest have a legend to account for this. Many moons ago, they say, some Indians were hunting buffalo on the other side of the range—they were plentiful overthere then. An old medicine man told them where to find a big herd which, he said, was led by a red bull calf. The Great Spirit would give them all the buffaloes they desired, but the red calf must not be killed. If it was killed the Great Spirit would punish them severely. The braves started out, found the buffaloes and slaughtered them by the hundreds. When they looked among the carcases the body of the red calf was found. It was never known who killed it, but they say the buffaloes all disappeared and were never again seen on that side of the Rockies.

HORSE NOTES.

—Wallace McClellan has sold to E. Mulcahy his half interest in the two-year-old colt Sunnybrook, by Ten Broeck, dam Lady Winifred.

—The Detroit book-makers were recently swindled by the telegraph wires announcing the results of the West Side races at Chicago being cut.

—At Linden Park W. C. Daly purchased out of a selling race the two-year-old colt Sir William, by Woodland, out of Retribution, for $1,325.

—Before leaving the East, Baldwin effected a contract with the famous jockey, Barnes, for next year, agreeing to pay him $8,000. Barnes will report in California by February 1.

—Successor, the well-known two-year-old, by Vauxhall, is very ill, having taken the prevailing pneumonia which seems to have assumed an epidemic form in many places.

—Leonard W. Jerome and De Courcey Forbes, the presidents of the Coney Island and New York Jockey Clubs, respectively, will shortly sail for Europe to spend the holidays.

—Macey Brothers have bought in Lexington, Ky., the 4-year-old chestnut mare Susan, by a Alcantra, dam Susie, for $2000, and a Dictator mare for $2500.

—Ex-Governor Oden Bowie, of Maryland, has purchased from R. G. Westmore the chestnut yearling filly by Stratford, dam Glengarine, by imp. Glengarry.

—John Condon has sold his half interest in the young stallion Dilligent, by Dictator, to the owner of the other half, John G. B. McCorkle, lessee of the Point Breeze track.

—For the suspicious riding of King Roxbury at Nashville, on November 1, Gerhardy was suspended for the remainder of the meeting, but was subsequently reinstated and permitted to ride on November 4.

—George Carrell, Paris, Ky., has purchased from Mr. J. M. Clay, Ashland Stud, Lexington, Ky., the broodmare Geneva (dam of Riley), chestnut, foaled 1880 by War Dance, of St. George, for $300.

—While at exercise recently the Hon. James White's gelding Plutarch ruptured a blood vessel. Plutarch is a 6-year-old gelding, and was sent over from Australia to England with the object of leading the two Derby colts, Kirkham and Narellan, in their work.

—Before the first race at Elizabeth on November 1 "Father" Bill Day bought the gelding Glenmound, giving $250 and the filly Woodrance for him, and then Glenmound won that event with the odds of 8 to 1 about him at the post.

—Of the five George Kinneys that appeared on the turf are winners and two of them stake winners. One of these is Mt. Lebanon, who won the Clark stakes ten days after a great finish with three other stake winners.

—Mr. Charles Backman has recently sold to go to Buenos Ayres, South America, the chestnut horse Maclure, foaled in 1885, sired by Leland, dam Rosemay by Young America. Maclure is a full brother to Miss Leland 2.25¼.

—Mr. F. Gebhard's well-known horse Leo died at Mr. F. Gray Griswold's hunting box at East Williston, L. I., recently. Leo had the "best on record" for high jumping. At the National Horse Show he did the phenomenal jump of 6 feet 9½ inches. Leo's death was due to lockjaw.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has offered to transport all the soil the Linden Park Association wants, and do it free of charge. The soil comes from a place near New Brunswick and is a yellow loam, which does not pack so hard as the present material, which becomes slippery. The association will wait until it sees how the track will be in dry weather before accepting the offer.

—P. Lorillard, Rancocas Stud, Jobstown, N. J., has purchased in England through Mr. Thomas Cannon, the jockey, the bay horse The Sailor Prince, foaled 1880, bred by Mr. B. Norrinton, by Albert Victor, dam Hermita, her dam Affection by Lifeboat. In his turf career, during which he ran in thirty-nine races, he won eight, was second in ten, third in five and unplaced in sixteen.

—At the ripe age of 30 the great broodmare Jesse Pepper died recently at Inwood Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky. She was one of the best daughters of Mambrino Chief, 11, out of a daughter of Sidi Hamet. To the embraces of Alcantara she produced the black mare Alpha, 2.23½, and to Alcyone the black mare Iona, 2.17½. She had in all 18 foals, was the grandam of Grandee, 3-year-old record 2.23½, and the great grandam of the 4-year-old Prince Regent, 2.21½.

—Major T. B. Merrit, the well-known horse breeder of St. Paul, Minn., will enter the following yearlings in the 2-year-old stakes next summer: The filly Antias, by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Lady Elinor, by Contractor; Harpoon, a chestnut colt, by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Lady Humboldt, by Stocking Chief; Chivalry, also a chestnut colt, by Nutwood Mambrino, out of Capitola, by Ensign, and Aaron Burr, by Nutwood Mambrino.

—Col. R. P. Pepper, South Elkhorn Stock Farm, has sold to J. W. Mahlon, Vincennes, Ind., Mahlon, bay colt, foaled 1886, by Onward, dam Ruth, by Pesacas (son of Almont). Ruth was one of the fastest 3-year-olds ever bred at South Elkhorn. The breeding of this great youngster is worthy of notice. His dam was very fast and a producer. His granddam was a producer, and ranks among the greatest broodmares of the land. Mahlon cannot help being a great horse in the stud, being a descendent of George Wilkes, Dolly and Crop, with a cross from Almont, through a good son. He goes back to Hambletonian, twice through his two best sons, George Wilkes and Alexander's Abdallah. To Mambrino Chief twice, through his two greatest daughters, Old Dolly and the dam of Almont, and twice to Pilot Jr., through two of his best daughters Crop and Kate.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 21.

3,000

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

—AT THE—

"THE RACKET."

No. 4 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

All the new things received soon as out. Patterns sent by mail postpaid, at New York price. Add 10c. for postage on Metropolitan Catalogue and 2c on Delineator.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Rev. Stambach and Mrs. Mench, of Aaronsburg, are reported quite ill.

——Mr. Chas. Sheffler, of Big Run, Jefferson county, is here on a visit to his father.

——Rev. Dr. Earnest, of Mifflinburg, one night last week, fell into a ditch and broke a rib.

——Mrs. Abraham Hull, of Aaronsburg, is quite ill. Her husband lost his life in the late war.

——Mrs. Flora O. Bairfoot has returned from a visit of several weeks at Hanover, where she has relatives living.

——Messrs. Charley and Shaffer, alias Mike, Derstine, the photographers of Lewistown, are visiting their parents in this place.

—Miss Nellie Davis, of Chicago, who has been visiting at Mr. Strohm's, Centre Hill, departed for her home on Saturday evening.

——A new bell weighing 950 pounds has been purchased by the Millheim Evangelical trustees, for their church tower from the McShean bell foundry, Baltimore.

——Mrs. Frank Bartholomew, through these lines, desires to express her appreciation and thanks to the friends and neighbors for their kindness during her recent affliction.

——A party of ten hunters of this place went to the Seven Mountains last Friday for deer, and had only the usual luck, and saw no deer, but killed two pheasants and a rabbit.

——It certainly would not be a bad idea if the town council would have a crossing put down on the street to the post office. Parties have to cross about a half square above or below or wade the mud.

——A. J. Lee, of this place, informs us that marble has been discovered upon the farm of his father-in-law, Mr. Krebs, two miles west of Hublersburg. Samples of it have been pronounced genuine by men who deal in marble.

——Notices were posted along the Pennsylvania canal, notifying the public of the abandonment for public use of that portion of the line between Bald Eagle dam, Clinton county, and Loyalsock creek, Lycoming county, a distance of about thirty-five miles.

——The Union County Live Stock Association, the institution in which so many of our farmers have been soaked, has finally collapsed. The Attorney-General has wound the bucket shop up on account of there being no assets as required by law, says the Lewisburg *News*.

——Rev. E. H. Leisenring, of Lewisburg, has accepted a call to the First Lutheran church, of Chambersburg, and will enter upon his duties January 1. He succeeds Rev. A. S. Hartman, who resigned to become General Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Lutheran Church.

——Rain is still the rule. We had one entire bright day in the last dozen and that was Saturday, and it continued clear sky until Sunday noon when sky became clouded and towards evening rain set in and it continued to rain all night and next day, Monday, and Tuesday and Wednesday.

——There was a great demand for last week's REPORTER, and we are told as high as one dollar a copy was offered for it at Bellefonte. All extra copies, of which we had printed about one hundred, were taken, and some even locked theirs in safes to guard against having them carried off. The epistle of St. John the Commissioner is what caused the demand.

——Recent deaths in Union county: At Kelley Point, on the 7th, Mrs. Levi Gemberling, aged 59 years. Near Forest Hill, on 26th, ult., Mrs. Mary E. Hauck, aged 22 years, 3 months and 22 days. In Limestone twp., on the 31st ult., Chas. Stees, aged 75 years, 11 months and 22 days. In Kelley twp., on 28th ult., Nancy, wife of Moses Kostenbader, aged 69 years, 5 months and 20 days.

——A little son of George Wells, of this place, had a narrow escape from being peppered full of shot. Two boys, Simon Wolf and Leck Neff were in the woods above town, and Wolf had a shot gun, and through carelessness the gun was allowed to fall on the ground, when it was discharged, and little Wells who was standing near by received several shot in the knee.

A Good Joke.

The venerable Col. Royer, of near Rebersburg, now 95 years of age, was fond of a good joke in his earlier days, especially if it was a harmless one. All our older readers will remember the itinerant razor sharpener, John Ketner, who made frequent trips thro our valley, 25 or 30 years ago.

Ketner was lame and limped along with a crutch, and on acconnt of his irritable temper was much teased. He was in the habit of staying at farm houses, but as he did not practice the doctrine of St. Paul that "cleanliness is Godliness," Ketner never was a too welcome guest as he always carried a goodly army of passengers under his hat and his garments, and the good women of the house would, of course, not give him the best bed.

However, we want to get down to our venerable friend, Col. Royer, whose well-known hospitality had great attraction for the razor sharpener. The Colonel would always play a good one on Ketner. He kept a razor for this purpose, and every time Ketner came he would get it from the shelf and ask him whether it needed sharpening, Ketner would examine the instrument carefully, and then remark, "Ei, Colonel, can't see how you could shave, it is so dull you could ride to Fildelfy on it."

The Colonel would have it done up with Ketner's best skill, and fit to cut and split a hair. Then the razor was carefully laid away and not touched until Ketner came around again in six months, when the Colonel would bring it from its hiding place and ask Ketner's opinion whether it needed sharpening, who, after a careful inspection would announce, "Ei, Colonel, you could ride to Fildelfy on it, it is so dull." And Ketner sharpened it up again, of course, and thus was the joke repeated from trip to trip and Ketner kept sharpening the thing over and over again until nothing was left of it, and Col. Royer good humoredly paid the dime every time.

An Unique Feature of the Penn. Limited.

The Pennsylvania Limited performing a daily service between New York and Chicago, needed but one feature to complete the perfection of its appointment. The men had their porter and barber, and now the ladies have their maid and hair-dresser. The introduction of the maids is as novel as it is a unique feature. It exists on no other regular train in the world, and the ladies who travel will appreciate it heartily. The maids are colored women, and there is one employed on each train. They are especially charged to look after the comfort of ladies, children, and invalids. They are to assist the ladies in making their toilets to dress their hair, and serve as a hand-maid to them in the fullest sense of the term. They will have an eye to the children, and have a care for invalids and ladies who may travel without a male escort. The convenience and comfort of having an attendant of one's own sex will be cordially appreciated by timid women and those who are inexperienced in travel. Pullman palace Car Company deserve great credit for their persistent efforts to enhance the comfort and pleasure of their patrons.

High Water.

The almost constant rain from Sunday evening to Tuesday afternoon, at times in torrents, has caused our streams to overflow and get up to the flood mark.

At Coburn, on Tuesday morning, the water rose three feet in two hours, and the people were up all night watching their property.

The bridge next below Paddy Mt. had two spans washed away.

The bridge at Montgomery station, just rebuilt, has been partly carried off again, also several other bridges on the West Branch.

Death of Michael Harper.

Michael Harper, of Aaronsburg, died on Sunday last. He had his home with H. H. Weaver, and has been in bad health for a number of years. He retired from farming in Haines township, and moved to Aaronsburg, some 35 years ago, where he has resided since. He was a devoted member of the Reformed church, and gave it liberal support. Thus another of the old men of that section has passed away.

The Wine for Rheumatism and Dropsy.

Dropsical and Rheumatic persons find the use of Speer's Port Grape Wine of New Jersey of incalculable benefit. Its purity and valuable properties have given it a wide reputation among physicians throughout this country and Europe. It is excellent for debilitated females, and is used by the best families in New York and Washington as an evening family wine, For sale by druggists

Flour and Feed.

[illegible] grade of wheat and rye flour, [illegible]ated meal, chop, cowfeed and [illegible], of all grades, to be had at the Centre Hall mill, wholesale and retail.

Flour and meal will always be kept in town for the convenience of town customers.

Coal, hard and Woodland, and soft at the new sheds at the mill. Terms cash

KURTZ & SON.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists

——Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Dried fruit wanted at C. P. Long's, Spring Mills.

——Advertising supplement with this issue.

——New lot of robes and 5-A horse blankets very cheap at Boozer's.

——The *Daily News* prints a bill of fare in each issue. Dast your bill—give us the fare.

——Bartholomew's is the only place in town you can buy the Snag-Proof Rubber boot.

——Mrs. Wm Emerick, living east of town, was quite ill this week, but at this time is much better.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Alec Kuhn and John Hook are plastering Yony Deininger's continental edifice. They are master mechanics.

——Mingle's shoe store, in the Brockerhoff Row, is brim full of new stock for fall and winter. Just anything you want and at any prices, except high prices.

Local Briefs.

——The pay train went over the road on Friday.

——Howard Homan was home from Johnstown on a visit to his family.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No. 1 article.

——A crowd of matter obliged us to cut down all communications this week.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——Our industrious townsman, Strohmeier, thinks of having his new house, on Church street, under roof yet this fall.

——This morning the sun peeped out for the first time in a week, we suppose it wanted to see whether the rain was over.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

——Mrs. Susannah Haines, the oldest inhabitant of Snyder county, died on Thursday, Nov. 7, aged 97 years, 9 months and 9 days.

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr. Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte, should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——The streams in our county are much swollen by the rains, and no doubt the same is the case in other parts. We may hear of damage by floods.

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap, good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——B. F. Meyer, formerly of our town and a graduate of this office, now of Cold water, Ks., has been re-elected Recorder of Deeds for that county. We congratulate Frank upon his success.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——Walter Bayard and his vivacious bride returned from their wedding trip per the Pacific express, last Friday evening. As they gave us a passing salute at Tyrone from the windows of the palace car, they appeared as happy as a pair of humming birds in a garden of honey suckles. Their stay now is at Altoona.

——Send your name in for the REPORTER at campagn rates on trial. Or send, us two new names and the cash for a year and we give you a copy one year free, thus enabling any one, by very little effort to get a paper one year free.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There' where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

——We observe Charles and Michael Derstine, of Lewistown, in town, visiting under the paternal roof. With the presence of Jacob and his wife, from Freeport, the estimable family of Mr. and Mrs. Derstine is no doubt enjoying a pleasant family reunion.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——And the rain kept up all Sunday night, and all Monday and Monday night, and all Tuesday.

Weep on, weep on,
Ye heavens weep on.
'Tis fun for the duck,
But man counts it no luck.
Too much of the aquiar,
Not 'nuf of the drier.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

——The Hungarians employed by the Centre Iron Company taking ore out at High Bank, near Bellefonte, nearly all got drunk on Saturday night last. An altercation started, when one, more boisterous and unruly than the rest, picked up a pick standing near by, and struck one of the Huns several times on the head, inflicting fatal injuries. The offender is in jail.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon, for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S., warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

——Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Sam Lewins.

——Lock Haven is considered a very unhealthy city at this time. An epidemic of fever is prevailing there, due to filth left by the great flood of June 1. No permanent relief is anticipated until freezing weather comes. The continued rainy weather has greatly increased the number of sick people within the past few days. A meeting of the physicians was held to devise ways and means for the better health of the city. From statistics gathered from the local doctors by a newspaper reporter, there are now about fifty cases of malaria, typhoid and scarlet fever.

——The Modocs, a party of hunters from Boalsburg and vicinity, have for fifteen years, taken a week or more of a hunt for deer in the Seven Mountains, and always returned with a several deer, but this year they broke camp and went home without anything, breaking their record. In fifteen years they have killed eighty-four deer and one bear. One of the Modocs who was not along with them, named Martz, on their hunt, last week shot a deer at home near Boalsburg.

——Stoves! Stoves! Stoves, that is what Reesman across the way is stocked with. Stoves of every size and description, for the parlor, sitting room and kitchen; stoves for wood and coal, for rich and poor, plain and fancy; as fine an assortment as can be found in this county, and at prices far below other dealers. Andy puts them up for you and warrants them good. His is the oldest stove store in the county and none of his customers have yet had cause to complain and always found him honest Andy, and those are the business men one should always patronize. Go and see his stock, and you will be pleased with what you see he has.

Farmers Mills.

John and Myra Goodhart are attending the grammar school at Spring Mills this term. Also Frank Smith. Frank always seems happy and obliging.

Sometime ago Moses Stover, after cutting grass, left his mower in the field, and during the night some malicious party broke the mower into pieces. It is supposed that it was a cold stroke of thunder coming down the swamp that demolished the machine. Shame on such actions.

Our neighbor Wm. Weaver, Sr. rigged up, and is now buying up poultry, which he sells whole, sale to his brother of Aaronsburg.

A few of the farmers west of here, have lost some 8 or 10 heads of cattle this fall by disease which puzzled the veterinaries somewhat.

Sometime ago a stout young man not many miles from here knocked his grandfather down for a mere difference of opinion.

Our friend Thos. Grove, up the road took a notion to fix up in a tony style and got the buildings repaired, house painted, and is now putting up a large straw shed.

Several of the school houses about here are decorated much nicer this term than they were for several years, but many of the school houses in this twp. are very poorly supplied with proper maps, charts etc.

This village is blessed with two churches, but every now and then it happens that there is no service in either one for several weeks, not even sunday nor prayer meeting; why not have a union prayermeeting in one of the churches every Sunday evening?

Behold, the squeal of the porker is heard in our vicinity this week, and since picnic and sale dinners are a scarce article, now the epicureans must take advantage of butchering dinners to satisfy the inner man.

Jonathan Shutt of Tusseyville visited here last Sunday.

Several weeks ago a couple of our village quietly hied themselves to Aaronsburg, and got the long looked for nuptial knot tied.

If the REPORTER should desire some more of co. com'r Decker's ignorant effusions of his wrath, this vicinity can produce effective samples for campaign literature.

Penn Township.

Some of the fragments of that Gazette ring that busted in Bellefonte on the 5th, were found on this side of the mountain east of Millheim, It must have been a hard shock, but will be no comparison to the one that will bust next Nov. Get ready Democrats,

On election day a prominent Republican said to the writer that he wished we could elect new Commissioners, that we had only school boys to fill that important office. Yes, that is the wish of all the Republicans, and would just say that there are thousands of school boys under 10 years that can write a better letter and would be ashamed to write such a one as was written by one of the commissioners.

Every reader of the Reporter rejoices that the good old paper is so true to the party, and will expose all the wrongs to its own hurt. This was fully shown in its last issue.

We are sorry to say that one of our good Republican church members was on a spree. Suppose the stuff that Fiedler distributed a few days before the election when he canvassed this and Brushvalley did the mischief.

W. C Duck and wife were visiting in Nittany and Lock Haven last week. They report lots of mud.

Mr. Harvy Wert and family, Mrs. James Duck from Brushvalley, and a Miss Weaver from Huntingdon were visiting relatives in this section.

Mr. H. O Duck, the boss thresher of this end of the county, owns a No. 1 steam threshing machine, and is running one in Brushvalley and one in Pennsvalley.

Aaronsburg.

Miss Mollie Musser is home from State Normal School at Lock Haven where an epidemic of fever has broken ont.

Mrs. Jared Harper of Bellefonte is visiting her sister Mrs. D. H. Rote.

Rev. and Mrs. Deitzler went to Snyder co. last week where they had the remains of their child disinterred and taken to Aurill, Lebanon county, where the lady's parents are buried.

Albert Stamback and family are here from Lock Haven. Both Albert and his wife are suffering with malaria.

Capt. Michael Harper died on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the 78th year of his age. He had been in bad health for a number of years. Capt. Harper was twice married, his first wife was Catharine Bower a daughter of John Adam Bower. His second wife was Mary Fisher a sister of Maj. Fisher of Penn Hall.

John Fosler has bought himself a horse, buggy and harness and now rides back and forth to the station where he is learning telegraphy.

Rev. Adams of Carlisle is at present preaching trial sermons in the different Reformed churches of this charge. He will preach in the Aaronsburg church on the coming Sabbath morning. He conducted the services at Capt. Harpers funeral.

Coburn.

Yesterday, 18, had another little flood. It began to rain about 7 a. m. and rained very fast till 7 p. m.; about 8 the water began to fall a little, and this morning it has fallen several feet.

No damage done here; several families moved their stock up on the hill and had to take every thing out of their cellars, and moved all upstairs to be ready for a big flood.

The 3.55 train laid here all night; about 8 o'cl. they got orders to shove six loaded cars on the bridge below the first tunnel. A great deal of drift had collected and it was feared the trussle would be torn out. Two spans of bridge No. 2 this side of Paddy Mt. tunnel were torn out; they had run loaded cars on that too, but it was evident they would not hold it so they pulled the cars off again.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

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We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

Married.

On Oct. 21, by Rev. P. C. Weidmyer, Mr. Calvin Barner and Miss Ida Brungard, both of Carroll.

On Oct. 24, by H. T. Mitchell, Esp, Mr. Grant Leitzle and Miss Blanch Fravel, both of Flemington.

On Oct. 20, by Rev. E. Lenhart, Mr. Robert A. Doutv and Miss Ida A. Beck, both of Greene township.

On Oct. 20, by Rev. J. M. Yearich, Mr. G. O. Stiver, of Mill Hall, and Mrs. Emma J. Zeigler, of Rebersburg.

On Thursday, November 14th, at the parsonage on Spring street, by Rev. Ed. Everett Hoshour, Mr. Levi Krebs, of Pine Grove Mills, and Miss M. Agnes Ross, of Lemont, Pa.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

The Exposition is closed until October next. We saw it; it was great, being in its infancy, but we saw enough to convince ourselves of the fact that enterprise, such as displayed there, should not be passed by without some comment. But we still wonder why it was that only one wholesale liquor house was so boldly represented. You could see its pyramid of bottles from any part of the great building. It was the prettiest display there. Max Klein has proved to the public that he wants to be seen. His "Silver Age" rye whiskey has now such a well earned reputation that he is proud of it and he wants everybody to see it. His goods are pure and reliable. You can have his Silver Age at $1.50 per full quarts. His Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt or Gibson at $1.00 per quart, or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for his price list and mention this paper. His address is MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal St., Allegheny.

Companion Pictures.

Another handsome reminder of the continued enterprise of The Youth's Companion, the favorite family paper, has come to us in the form of a Colored Announcement Card, printed in fourteen colors. It is folded in the centre, and has on either cover companion pictures.

Spring is represented by a beautiful maiden who is returning through the fields, her hands filled with trailing arbutus—that delicate spring flower which grows so plentifully in many localities. On the companion page, the farmer's daughter is pictured coming through the harvested grain, carrying a well filled pitcher and basket. The bearer of the noon day lunch is a welcome sight to the hungry reapers. The interior of the card contains an array of authors and articles for the coming volume unsurpassed by any paper.

This beautiful Card is only an indication of the great enterprise of The Companion which has made it a National Family Paper, with more than 430,000 subscribers. Nowhere can there be obtained so much entertainment and instruction for so little money (only $1.75 a year).

If you subscribe now you will receive the paper free to Jan. 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. The publishers offer to send specimen copies and this Colored Announcement Card free. Address the Youth's Companion, Boston Mass.

I find Ideal Tooth Powder is without exception the best I have ever used. With its aid I keep my teeth very clean and white, which I was unable to do with any other powder I have ever tried before. So says Ferdinand E. Chartard, Baltimore, Md.

By the way, will you buy and use Ideal Tooth Powder? We can thoroughly recommend it. R. E. Nichols, Dentist, Salina, Kansas, says, Ideal Tooth Powder is in my estimation, just what its name indicates. An engraving 20 x 24 is given with each two bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.

MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY WOLF & SON.

Butter	22	Eggs	22
Onions	50	Lard	8
Hams	14	Shoulders	9
Sides	9	Tallow	4

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Catherine Gentzel, dec'd., late of Gregg township, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL RIPKA, Executor, Penn Hall.

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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—THE FIRM of J. C Weaver, Hannah Dorworth and E. S. Dorworth, of Bellefonte, trading under the firm name of Weaver & Co., was mutually dissolved, October 31 1889. All accounts of the firm will be left in the hands of E. S Dorworth for settlement. The business will be continued by E. S. Dorworth.

J. C. WEAVER, HANNAH DORWORTH, E. S. DORWORTH.

7nov3t

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